TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE

LEATHERFACE

by

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1 EXTERIOR DAY

There is no sound. The sun is larger than the frame and white hot. A long, golden arc sweeps across the upper right hand corner; it is the explosive, gaseous profile of the sun. There is a burst of light and a liquid rope of moltent gases arcs into space and then slowly,. heavily falls back to the sun.

2 The yellow-white sun nearly fills the frame. There is a low, crackling noise. The sun begins to disolve and to become an eye, the purple glazed eye of a dead dog.. Flies swarm the staring eye and the crackling noise becomes the buzzing of the flies.

In the extreme foreground and to the right of center is the long dead and putrid carcass of a dog. The lower jaw, nearly ripped from the head, hangs wildly askew. The belly is a living, writhing mass of grey maggots;; flies swarm the purple, glazed eyes. The carcass lies some feet from the shoulder of a narrow, chuckholed two lane highway. It is miday and midsummer and the brutal southwestern sun blasts the dusty,. chocking landscape. The air is still and heavy..

In the background is the out of focus image of a van..

BEGIN CREDITS AND TITLES OVER

Background noise is the sound of a radio being tuned.. Tidbits of a variety of news programs, music and commercails are heard. The news programs detail an unusual number of natural disasters.

FRANKLIN (VOICE OVER)
Did you feel my ribs?

SALLY (VOICE OVER)
Yes. I couldn't feel anything.

PAM (VOICE OVER)
We're all just victims of the times.

The focus of the camera begins to change and as it changes a white van parked on the road shoulder in

Cont..

2 Cont..

the background becomes distinct.

FRANKLIN (VOICE OVER)
Here.... Put your fingers here.

Before the camera has completed its change of focus the side door of the van opens and Kirk, a handsome, well built young man leaps out, turns to face the interior of the van and begins struggling to remove two long boards. He is assisted by an auburn haired girl, Pam, who remains inside the van. The thin silvery tinckling of tiny bells comes from the interior of the van.

KIRK (VOICE OVER)
Your old chair could use a band-aid too.

FRANKLIN (VOICE OVER)
There you feel that space.

JERRY (VOICE OVER)
What's that supposed to mean? The gods are against us.

PAM (VOICE OVER)
No. It's because Saturn's in retrograde..

JERRY (VOICE OVER)
We're star crossed. Is that it?

FRANKLIN (VOICE OVER)
OWwwwww. There. You feel that space?

A young man, Jerry, can be seen behind the wheel of the van and opposite him and nearer the camera is seated a beautiful blond girl, Sally.

Kirk has made a makeshift ramp of the two boards.

Franklin, a young man in a wheelchair, appears at the door of the van. He is assisted by the auburn haired girl, Pam who wears a bracelet from which dangle tiny silvery bells. Kirk also assists and together they manuever Franklin down the sagging ramp to the ground.. Kirk wheels Franklin around the corner of the van and away from the highway. Pam sits in the doorway of the van.

CUT TO:

The far side of the van; Franklin and Kirk walk into frame from the highway side of the van.

Cont.

2 Cont.

SALLY (VOICE OVER)
No.... It feels O.K. to me.

PAM (VOICE OVER)
Not exactly.

KIRK (VOICE OVER)
(Teasing)
You asked for it.

JERRY (VOICE OVER)
So what's retrograde?

PAM (VOICE OVER)
Well...I don't know if I can explain it. I think....

KIRK (VOICE OVER)
Don't believe it.

PAM (VOICE OVER, CONT..)
I..it's like when one....

Beyond the shoulder of the road is a steep, rocky hillside. Kirk wheels Franklin down the hill a few yards and stops just beyond a clump or gnarled cedar. He then turns and heads for the van..

Franklin wriggles forward in his chair, unzips his trousers and relieves himself on the ground in front of the chair.

PAM (VOICE OVER, CONT..)
...planet passes another one--it would have to be going faster, I guess, or be closer to the sun--and its orbit....

FRANKLIN (VOICE OVER)
I don't believe in that stuff.

SALLY (VOICE OVER)
You dont believe in anything.

PAM (VOICE OVER, CONT..)
...is elleptical so it's.....

JERRY (VOICE OVER)
You shouldn't.

KRIK (VOICE OVER)
Nobody ever told Frankln the moon affects the tide.

Cont..

2 Cont.

PAM (VOICE OVER)
...going away from you...

JERRY (VOICE OVER)
(Teasing)
Ah! I hear the loonies really get grazy when there's a full moon. (To Pam) Sorry. Go ahead.

SALLY (VOICE OVER)
Do they really. That's funny.

There is a distant rumbling and then a giant diesel, two trailers in tandem, tops the crest of the nearest hill. The diesel roars past the windblast rocking the van. Kirk, approaching the van, is buffeted by the blast.

FRANKLIN
Aiiiiieeeeeeee!

STOP CREDITS AND TITLES

CUT TO:

Down the slope Franklin careens out of control.

CUT TO:

Kirk, Pam, Jerry and Sally react to Franklin's delima.

CUT TO:

Franklin slides and bounces over the loose, shifting, rough earth, rushing headlong in a wash of rocky debris down the slope. Clumps like bearded heads of sere buffalo grass smash the wheels rearing and tossing the rushing chair; stunted spiny, growths, hairy clawing cedar and scrubby, gnarled oak rip and tear at him as he hurtles past. He hauls desperately on the hand brake to no avail, takes the hot rubber wheels in his hands and is nearly thrown from the chair the flesh burned from his palms. Toward the botton of the hill the slope drops in short steps from rocky table to table. Franklin reaches the first step and is launched into the air. He lands with a terrific crash some ten feet beyond and nearly upon the next step. The table is strewn with rough and broken plates of rock and as he is upon the next step the chair bounces over a large loose plate and topples as they become airbourne. Franklin crashes heavily to the ground and slides to a halt against the gnarled scrubby stump of an ancient cedar. The chair leaps the table and crashes on the rocks at the base of the slope.

Cont..

2 Cont.

Franklin lies motionless crumpled against the tree stump.

CUT TO:

Pam and Sally are huddled anxiously close together beside the van; Kirk and Jerry leap down the slope.

CUT TO:

There is a low moan from Franklin.

FRANKLIN
OWWwwwww.

One frail arm begins to creep forward. Thin talon like fingers clutch at a rocky extrusion, tighten, the arm strains and Franklin drags his useless legs slowly forward..

CUT TO:

3 EXTERIOR DAY

The van is passing through a small town. The town has apparently seen better days. Much of the business district is boarded up and a number of the residences are seemingly vacant.

The tuning of the radio continues.

CONTINUES CREDITS AND TITLES OVER

4 INTERIOR DAY VAN

The van is a carnival of junk;: it is littered with camping and sking gear, its walls crudely sprayed with polyurethane foam.

Jerry, a young man, 25, with short curly red hair, drives. Sally is seated opposite him but has twisted in her seat and faces the rear of the van where Franklin is seated in his wheel chair directly behind Jerry. Franklin toys with a cheap switchblade knife. Kirk is seated on the floor opposite Franklin. Pam is in the rear but leans over the front seat talking to Jerry..

PAM (Cont.)
Well, Saturn looks like it's going backward when the other planet starts catching up..

Cont..

4 Cont.

FRANKLIN
(To Sally)
Hey! This is Newt.

SALLY
Newt?

JERRY
(He is baiting Pam)
It's in retrograde when it looks like its going backward. But it's not really. Yeah,. I get it..

FRANKLIN
Grandpa's old house isn't far from here.

PAM
Alright. Listen. (She picks up a book and reads from it.) "The condition of retrogradation...

SALLY
Oh, let's go by and see it!

PAM (Cont.)
"...is contrary or inharmonous to the regular direction of actual movement in the zodiac...

KIRK
You guys don't know when to quit.

FRANKLIN
Yeah!

PAM (Cont.)
"...and is in that respect evil." Uh..."When malefic planets are in retrograde..." SaturnIs malefic, "...their malefic is increased."

JERRY
What's malefic?

PAM
That means they cause vad things to happen. Saturn's a bad influence anytime but especailly now 'cause it's in retrograde.

SALLY
Jerry...?

JERRY
(To Kirk)
Hey,. man, you believe all this stuff your old lady's telling me?

4 Cont.

KRIK
I don't know. You got a better reason?

SALLY
Jerry...?

PAM
I didn't say it necessarily caused it. It just happens that way. Nothing goes right when Saturn's in retrograde.

SALLY
Me and Franklin want to go by our Grandfather's old house. It near here..

Franklin pulls his shirtcollar away from his throat then wipes his oily face with his shirtail.

FRANKLIN
Ugh. It's hot. It's making me crazy.

PAM
How can you explain everything going wrong. Not just one thing or a coup;e of things, everything.

JERRY
(To Sally, teasing)
You don't want to do that.

END CREDITS AND TITLES

5 EXTERIOR DAY: GRAVEYARD

Close up of hand and forearm of sheet covered body. The body has evidently not been dead for long as the flesh, though grey and bloated,. has not yet begun to decay and the burial clothing is in good condition.

The focus changes;: the hand and forearm go soft and the background comes in sharp. There is a great deal of activity,. noise and confusion in the graveyard..

Uniformed sheriffs deputies scuttle back and forth;: laborers are at work over several of the graves. A crowd of locals has gathered at the entrance to the graveyard. Several dozen cars are parked on either side of the highway bordering the graveyard..A uniformed deputy stands at the entry and waves slow moving gawlking travelers down the highway and restrains curious locals and persistant news people.

CUT TO:

6 A group of locals has gathered around a battered pickup parked on the shoulder of the highway. A woman is in the

Cont..

6 Cont.

cab of the pickup;: she cradles a fitfull infant in her arms..Small children run shouting in and out of the group gathered around the pickup. In the truck bed there is a washtub full of beer and ice. At the fringe of the group are several women;·they rarely speak and make themselves as inconspicuous as possible. The men include a burly middleaged red faced man, a younger man, about 35, wearing western clothing,. a swarthy dark haired man with a prominent stomach, several teenage boys, and one very old man who squats beside a car parked beside the pickup. Beer is much in evidence.

Noise from the other elements of the crowd can be heard.

CUT TO:

Closeup of swarthy, beer bellied man opening longneck bottle of Shiner beer on cab of pickup..

CUT TO:

Cut to closeup of pock marked man gesturing with stogie.

RED

I wouldn't give you jackshit for ever one o' them turds..(He hitches up his sagging kaki trousers) And don't give me none of that civil rights crap..Civil rights my ass..Them sombitches sit up there in Washington ain't never seem the kind of scum they got in a county jail.

CUT TO:

Closeup of young man in western clothes:.

COWBOY

Hell, Jack,..you know me. I ain't got no time for them fat ass lawyers.

CUT TO:

Tight shot of entire group.

RED

I know you don't. I know your daddy and he wipped your butt when you needed it. Ain't that right.

COWBOY

You're right.

RED

Godamn right I'm right..

Cont..

6 Cont..

BEER BELLY
I can remember my daddy taking a stick to my young ass a time or two myself. Didn't hurt me none.

RED
Done you good.

OLD MAN
They's some you can't never do nothin' with 'em..

A thin, leathery skinned, middle aged man joins the group.

THIN MAN
They done found two more empty graves..

RED
(Shakes head in righteous disgust)
Must be somebody escaped from the state hospital..

THIN MAN
They say it's got to be somebody from these parts. They just taking bodies ain't been in the ground more than a day or two near as they can figure..

WOMAN
Mrs. Culpepper said she seen some lights moving around out here not more than a week ago..

OLD MAN
It don't come as no surprise to me..

RED
What are you talking about old man?

OLD MAN
They's just some things happened in my time not many can tell about..

7 EXTERIOR DAY: VAN ON HIGHWAY

The van approaches the graveyard..

8 INTERIOR DAY: VAN ON HIGHWAY

SALLY
(Looks ahead to graveyard)
What's that?

Franklin wheels around to face forward..

Cont..

8 Cont.

FRANKLIN
Hey! Slow down.. Stop. I think this is where Grandpa's buried. (To Sally) Isn't that the place.

SALLY
I think so!

They have slowed almost to a stop and are now before the entrance to the graveyard.

FRANKLIN
Ask him what happened. (Referring to the deputy guarding the entry)

JERRY
Hey, what happened?

DEPUTY
(Waves then on.)
Move on. Move on.

9 EXTERIOR DAY: GRAVEYARD ENTRY

The deputy waves them on and they pull away.

10 INTERIOR DAY: VAN BEFORE GRAVEYARD

FRANKLIN
Pull over. Pull over there.. Let's find out what's going on..

The van moves slowly up the highway until it comes abreast the group of locals which includes the pock faced man..

Franklin cranes his head out the window and yells to them..

FRANKLIN
What happened?

11 EXTERIOR DAY: GRAVEYARD

The locals look at the travelers..

COWBOY
Been somebody broke into some graves.

TEENAGER
They stole some bodies..

12 CUT TO: EXTERIOR DAY: VAN

The van has stopped on the shoulder of the road. Pam and Sally watch as Kirk and Jerry wheel Franklin down the makeshift ramp..

Cont.

13 EXTERIOR DAY: GRAVEYARD

Sally, Jerry, Kirk, Pam and Franklin join the group of locals. There follows various shots of introductions,, exchanges of information.

FRANKLIN
What happened? My grandfather's buried here. Could we find out if anything happened to him..

RED
What's your grandaddy's name.

BEER BELLY directs Franklin to the deputy who guards the entrance to the graveyard.

BELLY
You see that old boy standing up there with the flashlight. That's the sherriff. You just tell him your grandaddy's buried here.

The cowboy speaks to Jerry. He is very much taken with Sally and volunteers to direct her to the sheriff. He takes Sally by the arm and leads her through the crowd..

COWBOY
Say,, fellow, I'm going to gun off with your girl aminute. You don't mind doyou. (He smiles patronizingly and claps Jerry on the shoulder.)

The cowboy has Sally by the arm and is pulling her through the crowd.. He calls the deputy guarding the entry as he moves.

COWBOY
Bill. Hey,. Bill. Over here..

He speaks to individuals in the crowd as they pass.

COWBOY
Let me through. This girls grandaddy's buried here.

Sally is braless and her breasts bounce enticingly beneath the thin fabric of her t-shirt.. Two teen age boys sit on top of the cab of an old truck watvh her and grin silly,. adolescent grins at one another..

Those persons in the crowd nearest to the graveyard cover their noses and mouthes with handkerchiefs. The odor of the exhumed bodies is very strong.

13 Cont..

Franklin wheels through the crowd toward the sheriff. He has some difficulty. The terrain is rough,. the crowd dense and his chair badly damaged.

Occasional tidbits of conversation are clear above the general clamor of the crowd.

CROWD..
They done found more than one that's missing..
Sheriff says it must have been going on a long time.
Old Bill shore is ripe and not dead a week..
You hear that..They just tore the head off and left the rest to rot..
Got any idea who done it.
Why in hell would anybody want to rob a poor mans grave..

There is a bar ditch between the group of locals and the deputy. Franklin lets himself down the incline and then cannot make it up the far side..He spends the entire scene struggling to climb out of the bar ditch and calling for assistance. He is unheard or ignored..

Sally and the Cowboy talk with the deputy sheriff..

Jerry,.Kirk and Pam remain with the group of locals.. They lean against a car parked opposite the battered pickup. The red faced man is speaking. Kirk nurses a beer given him by the locals.

Cont..

13 Cont..

RED
He'd done changed the tire and was about to throw the flat up in his truck when this guy come out of the graveyard dragging a body. Must have been in there all the time and didn't even know Clyde was there.. Damn near stepped on him. Let out a squeal like a bitch hog in heat.

A large, hairy bear like man guffaws and begins to do his best to imitate a pig squealing. This continues through the next several lines..

RED
(Cont.)
Hell it scared the living piss out of Clyde.. He didn't know what happened..

BEER BELLY
Hell, he thought somebody'd been murdered..

Laughter from the group..

THIN MAN
The hell of it was it's his own brother.. Hadn't been buried a week..

Laughter.

TEENAGER
Said he done a hundred between here and town.

SECOND TEENAGER
That old truck of his be luck to do fifty on a good day.

PAM
He didn't know it was his brother.

RED
Hell,. if he hadn't been pointed in the right direction he'd a wound up in Mexico before he knew the difference.

Sally and the Cowboy continue talking to the deputy.

Franklin is still trapped in the bar ditch.

Pam, Kirk and Jerry remain with the locals.

Cont..

13 Cont.

OLD MAN
...things happen hereabouts they don't never tell about. I see things.

BEER BELLY
Don't let thatold man scare you.

OLD MAN
You. see. They just say it's an old man talking..

Pock grins and lifts his beer bottle in a toast to Kirk;; Kirk smiles and returns the toast.

OLD MAN
You laugh at an old man. They's them that laugh and know better.

PAM
I believe you..

14 EXTERIOR DAY: VAN ON HIGHWAY

The van moves down the same narrow highway. Jerry and Sally are up front. Kirk, Pam and Franklin are in the rear..

JERRY
Your grandfather's a vampire. That's what it is.

The van coughs, sputters and lags.

KIRK
(To Jerry)
We're going to have to fix that, man. It's getting worse.

SALLY
He is not. He's still there..

JERRY
He's the king vampire. He doesn't ever have to do anything. The other vampires bring him blood..

SALLY
(Coughs)
What's that?

Cont..

14 Cont.

JERRY
(Coughs, gasps.)
I don't know.

Jerry and Sally roll up their windows as quickly as possible.

PAM
What is that?

FRANKLIN
Hey,.that's that old slaughterhouse. Grandpa used to sell his cattle there.

KIRK
Look at that. (Points ahead)

15 EXTERIOR DAY: SLAUGHTERHOUSE

They come abreast of huge pens. Cattle cover the hill like a brown plague. They are so tightly packed and the yards so vast thatnothing but the red brown smear of their color can be seen..

FRANKLIN
We have an uncle that works at one of these places just outside of Houston. Look at those buildings. That's where then kill them. He was the guy that kills them..They even call him the killer. They used to bash them in the head with a sledge...

SALLY
Ugh. I'd hate to work in a place like that.

KIRK
It's probably the only place around here people can work..

FRANKLIN
(Cont.)
...hammer or something like that. Half the time it wouldn't kill them the first time and they would start squealing and freaking out and the guy would have to whack them two or three times and then they would skin them sometimes even before they were dead.

16 INTERIOR VAN

PAM
That's horrible.

SALLY
(Shudders)
Ugh.

Cont..

16 Cont.

PAM
People shouldn't kill other animals for food.

FRANKLIN
They don't do it like thatanymore. They have this big air gun thing that shoots a bolt into their skull and then retracts. (He aims an imaginary gun) Bam,. bam, bam.

SALLY
I like meat..I just don't like to think about those places.

PAM
Sally! That's terrible. They're still killing them; just because you don't have to see.

Franklin mops his face with his shirtail.

FRANKLIN
It's hot..

They are approaching the main entrance to the slaughterhouse.. There is a large sign with the name of the slaughterhouse in large block letters. Beyond the entry there is a lone figure standing on the shoulder of the highway. Hearing the approaching van he turns to face it and stick out his thumb.

SALLY
Hitchiker.

JERRY
Want to pick him up?

KIRK
Yeah. Pick him up. He'ill asphyxiate out there.

PAM
What does he look like?

FRANKLIN
To hell with the son of a bitch. He's going to smell like that slaughterhouse.

SALLY
He's kind of wierd looking. (Enthusiastically) Let's pick him up.

JERRY
What do you want to do?

Pam looks at the hitchiker

Cont..

16 Cont.

PAM
He is wierd looking. Kirk....

KIRK
Pick him up.

Jerry begins to deaccelerate..

PAM
...don't pick him up. (To Jerry)
Don't stop. Don't stop.

17 EXTERIOR DAY:: HIGHWAY

They are almost beside the hitchiker and the van has slowed and begun to veer to the shoulder of the road. The hitchiker assumes that they are stopping and runs toward the van,. a bulging gunny sack tied to his belt bangs against his legs as he runs..Jerry accelerates again but the van cougs,. sputters and lags..

18 INTERIOR DAY:: VAN

KIRK
Aw, pick him up.

Jerry swerves off the highway and stops the van.

PAM
I don't think we should pick him up..

JERRY
Relax,. Pam, we'ill beat him up if he tries to get you.

FRANKLIN
The son of a bitch is going to stink up the van.

SALLY
It's been a bad day for you hasn't it. Poor Franklin.

FRANKLIN
Aw....

Kirk opens the side door to admit the hitchiker.. The hitchiker enters the van and seats himself quickly on the mattress. Kirk closes the door and sits down on the floor beside Pam.

Cont..

18 Cont.

KIRK

Let's go.

The van take s off sputtering and coughing.

The hitchiker is a strange looking man. He is young,. perhaps 25,. slender and fair complected. His hair is carrot colored,. fine and curly and clings tight to his bony skull.. His fine boned face is marred by a strange discoloration which begins just below the right nostril and runs, increasing in breath, down the side of his face,. under his chin to his throat where it disappears beneath his kaki shir collar.. He eyes,. one of which is almost covered with a thick,. milky cataract, have a strange unfocused look about them.. His face and arms are covered with a number of small scabby sores. He wears faded bluejeans tucked into ancient combat boots;: a battered old polaroid flash camera hangs from a leather thong around his neck.. A strangely bulging gunny sack is tied at his waist and drags behind him. He is a bit breathless from his run.

Franklin does not give him a chance to recover.

FRANKLIN

You getting off on the smell of all that blood, man?

The hitchiker looks at Franklin in a vague way but does not respond for a long moment.

HITCHIKER

It's a good smell.

SALLY

Oh,. I don't like it.

FRANKLIN

I think we just picked up Dracula.

Pam doesnot look at the hitchiker directly; she still feels the edge of the panic which earlier touched her..

KIRK

Where you headed,. man?

HITCHIKER

South.

FRANKLIN

You could have fooled me. I thought we were headed due north..

Cont..

18 Cont.

The hitchiker turns his fuzzy stare on Franklin but does not respond.

KIRK
He had a little accident--still doesn't know where he is..

FRANKLIN
You work at that place?

HITCHIKER
No..

SALLY
How did you get stuck way out here?

HITCHIKER
I was at the slaughterhouse.

FRANKLIN
I have an uncle that works at a slaughterhouse.

HITCHIKER
My brother worked there,.my grandfather.... My family's always been in meat..

SALLY
Don't start talking about thatplace again..

FRANKLIN
A whole family of draculas..Hey,.man,.did you go into the slaughter room or whatever they call it.. The place where they shoot the cattle with the air gun..

HITCHIKER
Yes,.it's nice, but the gun...

FRANKLIN
I was there once with my uncle..

HITCHIKER
...is not good. The old way, with the sledge, is better; they die better..

PAM
(To Franklin)
You like talking about morbid things.

FRANKLIN
How come? I thought the gun was better.

HITCHIKER
No,.I like the old way better..A lot of people don't have work now with the new way..

Cont..

18 Cont..

KIRK
You used to do that?

FRANKLIN
You do that,, man?

HITCHIKER
Yes..I was the killer. I don't do it anymore..

FRANKLIN
How come, man?

PAM
(Aside to Kirk)
I can't believe he did that..

HITCHIKER
Now I'm an artist..With the gun and knocking box they don't need me anymore.

SALLY
You're an artist? Pam's an artist too.. She's really good..

FRANKLIN
Hey,...

HITCHIKER
Yes..I don't like it now. With thegun it's no

SALLY
Are you a painter or what? I know this crazy artist. He never knows what he's doing.

HITCHIKER
I work with leather. I'm a sculptor too.

FRANKLIN
Hey,. man,. I was in there. They had blood about up to...

SALLY
(Laughing) Oh. I need one of those hammers (Motions as is chisling at Jerry's head) for Jerry;; he's so hardheaded..

FRANKLIN
...your ankles covering this giant room. There were these big cow heads they had cut off sticking up out of the blood.

HITCHIKER
It's that way now..You likedit?

Cont..

18 Cont.

FRANKLIN
Sure. Lots of blood and guts. They dump all the entrals and head and...

The hitchiker reaches into his shirt and pulls out a sheaf of yellowed polaroid shapshots. A large pouch made of two cows ears crudely sewn together and slung around his neck with a leather thong falls out of his shirtfront. He hands the photographs proudly to Franklin.

FRANKLIN
...and stuff they don't use in one place and sell it to the glue factory or someplace like that..

HITCHIKER
Here.

Franklin takes the photos.

HITCHIKER
They don't send the heads away.

FRANKLIN
(Looks at photos)
Damn!

SALLY
Let me see..

HITCHIKER
They make...

FRANKLIN
You took these, huh?

HITCHIKER
Yes. You like them?

SALLY
Franklin.... (She fidgets to look at pictures)

Franklin shakes his head in wonder.

HITCHIKER
They make head cheese. Except for the tongue they boil the head and scrape the bone clean of flesh. All the parts are used; nothing is wasted. The jowels, the eyes, even the muscles

SALLY
Ugh.

HITCHIKER
...and ligaments and the fleshy parts from the nose and gums. They put everything into a jelly of fats....

Cont.

FRANKLIN

Look at this.

He waves the snapshots in Pams face.

HITCHIKER

...the fleshy parts from the nose and...

19 Still SHOTS

There is a shot of the slaughter room ankle deep in blood; the severed heads of cattle are scattered about the room.. Another shows the Killer with the air gun firing a slug into a squealing steer and still another shows a room lined with beef halves hung on meat hooks.

20 INT. VAN

Pam waves the photos away..

PAM

Ugh. You are making me sick. Why do youlike killing so much.

Franklin shows photos to Sally.

HITCHIKER

...gums.. They put everything intoa jelly of fats...

FRANKLIN

Wow,. I didn't know that's what's in that stuff..

HITCHIKER

It's very good.. You like it..

SALLY

Ugh.. I don't see how anybody could eat that junk.. Returns photo to Franklin

FRANKLIN

Oh,, I like it. It's good..

Franklin returns the photos to the hitchiker.

PAM

It sounds horrible. Talk about something else..

FRANKLIN

Aw, you would probably like it if you didn't know what was in it..

PAM

No I wouldn't and I wish you would quit.

FRANKLIN

Aw...

Cont..

20 Cont..

KIRK
Come on,. Franklin, you're making everybody sick..

FRANKLIN
O.K.. O.K..

Franklin is disappointed and sits glumly for a while.. The others are silent..After a time Franklin brings out his switchblade and begins toying with it. The hitchiker watches with interest.. Franklin gradually works himself into a frenzy.. The hitchiker becomes more andmore alert as he watches Franklin;; he begins to grind his teeth audibly.. Pam notices and calls Kirks attention to it; he shrugs. There is enough engine noise that Jerry and Sally do not hear. On one or two occasions it seems as if the hitchiker is going to reach for the knife but he visibly restrains himself..

JERRY
We're going to have to stop for gas fairly soon..

HITCHIKER
There is a place not far..

JERRY
Good enough..

The conversation interrupts Franklin and he momentarily slackens his frenzied toying with the switchblade.. The hitchiker suddenly and deftly takes the switchblade from his hands. Pam gasps;; Kirk watches warily but in silence.. The hitchiker is oblivious to them.. Jerry and Sally are unaware of the situation.. Franklin, startled,. watches with intense curiosity.. The hitchiker examines the knife carefully, closes its blade,, further examines the fnife,. presses its spring button and the blade springs open, examines it still further and then very slowly and deliverately puts the blade against the fleshy part of his hand below the thumb and seems about to test its sharpness but instead presses the blade deliberately into his flesh.. Franklin is awed,. Pam horrified and Kirk disgusted.

PAM
What are you doing?

KIRK
Put that knife away..

Sally turns to see the cause of the commotion;; Jerry turns back briefly then returns to his driving,. glancing periodacally into the rearview mirror.

Cont..

20 Cont..

The hitchiker looks at Kirk briefly, then wipes the knife on his sleeve, folds the blade away and returns it to Franklin. Franklin takes the knife in reverent silence..

SALLY
What did you do to yourself..

The hitchiker puts his hand into his mout and bites down on the wound.

SALLY
Ugh. How can you do that?

The hitchiker pulls a trouser leg from his boot and reaches into the taghtly laced boot and comes out with an ancient, rusted straight razor.

PAM
(Aside to Kirk)
This is making me sick. Can't we let him off somewhere?

HITCHIKER
I have this knife.

KIRK
You can put that away too..

HITCHIKER
Yes its a good knife..

He flips the blade open, examines it briefly, then returns it quietly to his boot..

21 EXTERIOR DAY: VAN ON HIGHWAY

The landscape is gradually changin.. It is less rocky. Between the hills are small valleys with deep black soil; some are under cultivation.. The hillsides are timbered and the trees are denser, taller and the undergrowth is green, thick and tangled..

22 INTERIOR DAY: VAN ON HIGHWAY

The hitchikers vague stare is fixed on Sally. He stares unwaveringly for an uncomfortably long time.. Franklin, in turn, is staring at the hitchiker.. After atime Franklin realizes that the hitchiker is staring at Sally and he

Cont..

22 Cont..

turns to look at her. Sally,. sensing the stares or catching the movement of Franklins head,. turn, sees the hitchiker stare and smiles uncomfortably.

HITCHIKER
This girl is your wife.

Jerry is unaware the hitchiker is speaking to him.

PAM
Jerry.....

JERRY
Oh. Uh.....no. My friend...my girlfriend.

HITCHIKER
That's good.. She's a good girl.

Sally is a little startled, a bit embarassed..

SALLY
Thank you.

HITCHIKER
(To Pam)
You're a nice girl too..

Pam laughs nervously.

PAM
Thanks..... You're a nice guy.

FRANKLIN
We're all nice..

HITCHIKER
Yes.. You're all nice. (To Franklin) But you are too thin.

FRANKLIN
What difference does that make..

He is upset and begins to toy with his switchblade..

Cont..

22 Cont.

FRANKLIN
It's hot in here.

HITCHIKER
(To Franklin)
Where do you come from?

FRANKLIN
We've been to Colorado, New Mexico. Kind of a vacation, looking for land too.

KIRK
Doing a little sking.

HITCHIKER
I mean where do you live?

FRANKLIN
Oh. Houston. We're all from Houston.

HITCHIKER
Your parents live there too?

FRANKLIN
What? oh, yeah.

HITCHIKER
And this girl. (He nods toward Sally.)

FRANKLIN
What about Sally?

SALLY
What? What about me?

HITCHIKER
Where are your parents?

SALLY
Where are my parents?

HITCHIKER
Yes.

SALLY
(Laughs)
What kind of question is that? Where are my parents. How should I know? My mother's probably

Cont..

22 Cont.

SALLY
(Cont.)
...about half drunk on martinis and my father's probably playing golf.. Where are yours?

HITCHIKER
I mean where do they live?

PAM
(Aside to Kirk)
What does he want ot know all that stuff for? We don't even know him.

KIRK
How should I know?

SALLY
Oh, oh...where do they live. In Houston. They live in Houston.. Why?

HITCHIKER
Do they know you're coming to Houston?

JERRY
Who told you we were going to Houston?

HITCHIKER
(Indicates Franklin)
This man..

PAM
(Aside to Kirk)
Let's tell him we can't take him any further when we stop for gas..

HITCHIKER
My home is close to this road. You could take me there..

Pam gives Kirk a furtive warning nudge..

KIRK
Well, man.. I don't know. We're in pretty much of a hurry. How far is it from the highway..

HITCHIKER
Oh, it's very close..

SALLY
Couldn't you just walk. I mean if it's so close....

Cont..

HITCHIKER
(Shrugs)
You could have supper with us. (To Franklin) You like head cheese.. My brother makes it good.. He always has some.

SALLY
Not that stuff you were talking about a while ago. Ugh..

KIRK
I think we better push on, man.. Sorry.

The hitchiker shrugs sullenly and is silent for a moment then he turns to Franklin who is absently toying with his switchblade,. raises his battered camera and focuses on Franklin. There is a flash of light as one of the ancient flash bulbs pops.. Franklin looks up startled,. sees the camera and smiles. Sally turns to see what is going on and Jerry glances in the rearview mirror.. Kirk and Pam watch a little startled..

FRANKLIN
You took mu picture.

HITCHIKER
Yes.

23 STILL SHOT
All wait with curiosity for the polaroid to develop.. After the necessary time the hitchiker pulls the photograph from the camera.. It is a very bad,. discolored print.. The film is evidently old. The hitchiker extends the print ot Franklim. Pam and Kirk move to take a look..

24 INT. DAY VAN

FRANKLIN
It didn't turn out so good..

HITCHIKER
It's nice, see.. (Indicates Franklins bruised and scraped face in the dark print) It tells about your accident.

KIRK
(Laughs)
You look worse for real..

He sits back against the wall; Pam moves with him..

PAM
I think you look nice.

SALLY
Let me see..

Cont..

24 Cont..

Franklin turns and extends the photograph to Sally

FRANKLIN

It's kind of dark but you can see my face..

Sally takes the photo and turns forward in her seat.

HITCHIKER

(To Franklin) You can pay me now.

FRANKLIN

Huh?

HITCHIKER

Two dollars..It's a good picture.

KIRK

You want him to pay you for that picture?

He is amazed and angered..

Sally hands the picture to Franklin.

SALLY

It's not really a very good picture of you.

KIRK

Not for two dollars anyway.

SALLY

Two dollars?

HITCHIKER

Yess You can buy it for him..

KIRK

Hey, man, that's enough..(To Franklin) Give him the damn picture.

Cont.

24 Cont.

Franklin returns the photo. The growing hostility has made him nervous and after returning the photo he begings to fidgit.

The hitchiker takes the photo and stares at for a long moment. PAM avoids looking at anyone. Kirk angrily stares at the opposite wall.

SALLY
(Aside to Jerry)
That guy wanted Franklin to pay him 2 dollars for that picture.

JERRY
You're kidding.

SALLY
No. He was serious.

The hitchiker places the photo on the floor at hisfeet. and from the cow ear pouch extracts a small bundle tightly wrapped in aluminum foil. He unwraps the foil and from it pours a mound of silvery powder on the photo, rewraps the foil and places the package back in his pouch. He then moulds the powder into a cone, looks up to see Kirk watching and smiles, then strikes a match and applies it to the powder. There is a small fiery explosion of white light and the face of the photograph is seared. He spits on the lingering flames. The damp, charred powder gives off a dense malodorous smoke.

Jerry brakes hard and wheels the van to the side of the road. The passengers are thrown forward in the van and there is much confusion, scrambling for fotting, etc. Kirk picks up a ski pole and points it threateningly at the hitchiker.

FRANKLIN
What? What?

SALLY
What happened?

JERRY
Hey! Damn.

KIRK
HEY, man.....

PAM
Oh. (Waves arms to clear smoke.)

Cont.

24 Cont..

FRANKDIN
Roll down the window..

KIRK
I've had enough,. man.. Time for you to go.. Jerry, stop this thing..

The hitchiker sweeps the charred photo into his pouch, stands and suddenly his straight razor is opened in his hand; he makes a quick slash cutting Franklin across the back of the hand... Franklin squeals and rears back in his chair.. Kirk swings at the hitchiker as the hitchiker lunges for the side door.. The van has not yet come to a full stop and Jerry crams the brake to the floor.. Kirk is thrown nearly into the front seat and the hitchiker escapes through the side door... He tears open his wounded palm with his teeth and smears blood on the side of the van and as he moves kicks at the side of the van, the hubcaps and the tires and spews saliva over the side of the van.. Kirk recovers and leaps out of the van brandishing the ski pole..

25 EXT.. DAY VAN

KIRK
You little bastard..... You better run your ass..

Jerry has stopped the van and leaps out hisdoor.. The hitchiker breaks into a run and is quickly a safe distance from the van; he stops and turns to face Kirk and Jerry who have stopped at the rear of the van and blows raspberries at them..

The van pulls onto the highway; it sputters, coughs and lags as it accelerates.

26 INTERIOR DAY: VAN ON HIGHWAY

Jerry drives, Sally sits opposite him.. Kirk,. Pam and Franklin are in the rear of the van. Sally leans over the front seat and bandages Franklin's wound.

KIRK
I'm about half ready to call a cop..

FRANKLIN
I could get tetnus. You see how rusty that old razor way..

JERRY
That's the last damn hitchiker I ever pick up..

PAM
Hey,. listen to Franklins horiscope.. "The news, travel difficulties,. long range plans and upsetting

Cont..

26 Cont..

PAM
(COnt.)
...persons around you could make this a disturbing and unpredictable day.. The events in the world are not doing much,. either,. to cheer one up."

JERRY
That's perfect.

SALLY
(To Franklin)
I think that will do you for now.. You feel o.k.?

JERRY
Read Sally's.. She's Capricorn..

FRANKLIN
Maybe we ought ot find a doctor.. I don't think I've had a tetnus shot in a long time..

PAM
Uhoh. Capricorn's ruled by Saturn..Let's see.... "There are moments when we cannot believe..."

SALLY
I think you'll be alright,. till we get to Houston..

PAM
(Cont.)
...that what is happening is really true. Pinch yourself and you may find out that it is."

SALLY
Oh,. you can't tell about that. Does it say anything else?

27 EXTERIOR DAY: VAN ON HIGHWAY

The van passes a narrow side road. Ahead perhaps a hundred yards are several weathered buildings; a single gasoline pump stands before one of the buildings.

28 INTERIOR DAY: VAN ON HIGHWAY

FRANKLIN
I think that might be the way to Grandpas old place..Isn't that the road,. Sally?

SALLY
Oh, I don't know. I don't remember.

JERRY
There's a place just ahead. We better go ahead and get some gas..

Cont..

28 Cont..

KIRK
Find out if that's the right road.

29 EXTERIOR DAY: SERVICE STATION

The van pulls into a combination cafe and service station.. Several cars and a Pickup truck are parked in the dirk yard beside the weathered, raw wooden buildings. The van stops before the gas pump and Sally and Pam leap out and trot off toward the restrooms.

30 INTERIOR DAY: VAN AT SERVICE STATION

Kirk climbs into the front seat..

KIRK
(Nod toward rused old gas pump)
Think that thing works?

JERRY
There's some people inside..

Through the begrimed windows several people can be seen seated at tables. The people are a strange lot.. Though they can not be clearly seen it is apparent that they are not quite normal.

KIRK
(Shakes his head)
Strange.

JERRY
I'll go see if I can get somebody..

The sagging screen door bangs open at that moment and a man somewhat past his middle years exits, blinks in the light then heads toward the van.

FRANKLIN
Here comes somebody..

When the old man is close to the cab Jerry speaks..

JERRY
Howdy..

The old man does not respond immediately but firs t leans down to rest his arms on the window of the van and pokes his head inside almost into Jerry's face and looks around.. Kirk and Franklin nod hello..

OLD MAN
Howdy, boys, what can I do for you?

Cont..

30 Cont.

JERRY
We need some gas.

OLD MAN
You need some gas, huh.

KIRK
Do you take credit cards?

OLD MAN
What kind of credit cards?

KIRK
Texaco.

OLD MAN
This look like a Texaco..

KIRK
No. I just thought....

The old man interrupts Kirk,.ignores him and speaks directly to Jerry.

OLD MAN
How much gas you got?

JERRY
We're about empty.

OLD MAN
Just come in here on fumes, that it?

JERRY
You're right. We're even low on fumes.. Naw, we got maybe an eighth of a tank..

OLD MAN
That's too bad..

JERRY
Yeah..Why's that..

OLD MAN
Go no gas here..

JERRY
Yeah.

OLD MAN
My tank's empty. Seen the transport on the way out

Cont..

30 Cont..

OLD MAN
(Cont.)
...though.. It be back through sometime this afternoon and give me some gas..

JERRY
Be this afternoon, huh?

OLD MAN
Yep..You boys is welcome to stick around. I got some good barbque.

FRANKLIN
(To Jerry)
Ask him how to get out to the old Franklin place.

JERRY
You know how to get to the old Franklin place..

OLD MAN
Franklin place?

FRANKLIN
It's a big old stone house up on a hill.. I think maybe you take that road back there..

OLD MAN
Yeah..Maybe I seen something like that up that way..You boys don't want to go messing around no old house now; those old thing is dangerous. You liable to get hurt..

JERRY
We'll be carefull.

OLD MAN
Well now you ought not go messing around other folks property.. They's some don't like and don't mind letting you know with a little buckshot..

FRANKLIN
My father owns it..

OLD MAN
That your daddy's place,.huh. Well, I think you boys ought to stick around here and have some barbque.. That transport won't be too long..

31 EXTERIOR DAY SERVICE STATION
The girls are out of the rest room now and Sally is trying to get Jerrys attention..Both stand a few yards behind the old man.. The old man seeing Jerry's attention shift, turns to look at the girls..

Cont..

31 Cont..

EXTERIOR-DAY: SERVICE STATION..

The old man faces Pam and Sally..

OLD MAN
Howdy..

PAM AND SALLY
Hi..

SALLY
(To Jerry)
Could I get a Dr.. Pepper? It's only a quarter..

JERRY
Might as well..

OLD MAN
(To Pam)
Hot enough for you?

PAM
Oh,. it's terrible, especially in the van.

OLD MAN
(To Sally) (Indicates an ancient vending machine)
They's a machine.

He starts toward the cafe.

OLD MAN
You holler at me now if it don't work. (To Jerry)
Them girls don't want to go messing aroung no old house. You best stick around here..

PAM
I'm going to get one too.

The old man walks to the cafe. The girls head for the vending meshine..

KIRK
We should have asked if there's another gas station close..

JERRY
He would probably have told us if there was..

KIRK
Wouldn't hurt to ask?

32 CUT TO:

Pam and Sally have bought soft drinks and are loitering about,. talking..

Cont..

Cont.

33 CUT TO:

Jerry opens the door of the van and starts toward the cafe..

CUT TO:

A strange looking,. poorly dressed and filthy child bursts out of the cafe sobbing angrily.. He sees Jerry approach and still sobbing rushes Jerry and tries to bite him on the thigh.. Jerry sidesteps him and ducks into the cafe shaking his head..

34 CUT TO INTERIOR VAN

Franklin is toying with his switchblade again; he pushes the blade slowly deep into the foam, withdraws it,. pushes it in again, withdraws and over and over methodically and hypnotically.

KIRK
Franklin, you maniac; you're tearing up the van.

Franklin looks up startled..

FRANKLIN
(Sheepishly)
Yeah,. I just start doing that..

Franklin has stopped and is examining the knife closely.

FRANKLIN
Hey,. I think there's still some of that guy's blood on it.. Look at that. (He hands the knife to Kirk) Think that's blood..

Kirk examines the knife cursorily then returns it to Franklin.

KIRK
(Shrugs)
I can't tell..

FRANKLIN
(Examines the knife again)
It's blood alright. That guy cut the hell out of himself.. Think you could do that to yourself?

KIRK
I'm not that stupid.

FRANKLIN
I don't know. It takes something to just sit there and cut yourself like that.. You think I said some- to make him mad at me?

Cont.

35 EXTERIOR DAU: SERVICE STATION

Jerry is inside the cafe talking to the old man. Theold man hands him something. They talk for a moment longer, the old man gesturing down the road and Jerry turns to leave..

36 CUT TO:

Sally and Pam loiter near the highway.

37 CUT TO:

Jerry leaves the cafe carrying a greasy brown paper bag.

38 CUT TO:

Reaction of Girls seeing Jerry approach the van;: they hurry toward the van.

39 INTERIOR DAY: VAN

Jerry settles behind the wheel of the van.

JERRY
Nothing, man. Newt's the closest place to get gas.

KIRK
Guess we better hang around..

FRANKLIN
We're going ot go out to Grandpas old house aren't we?

40 EXTERIOR DAY: SERVICE STATION

Pam and Sally approach the van from the rear. When they are close to the van Sally suddenly stops.

SALLY
Look at that!

PAM
What?

Sally points to the bloody smear on the side of the van..

PAM
He smeared blood on the van.

41 INTERIOR DAY: VAN AT SERVICE STATION

The girls enter the van..

SALLY
That guy smeared blood on the van.

41 Cont..

KIRK
Yeah, I know.

PAM
It looked a little like he might have tried to write something.

KIRK
It didn't look like anything to me..

FRANKLIN
What did he do?

JERRY
I got us some barbque.

SALLY
Oh,. can I have some..

FRANKLIN
He write something on the van?

42 EXTERIOR DAY: VAN ON HIGHWAY

The van pulls out of the service station and turns back up the highway..As it accelerates it sputters, coughs and lags..

43 INTERIOR DAY: VAN ON HIGHWAY

The van approaches the intersecting road.

KIRK
(Points to road)
That must be it.

FRANKLIN
Yeah. There's a creek and a swimming hole somewhere near the house. We could go swimming..

The van turns off the highway onto the intersecting road..

PAM
Oh, yeah..Let's do..

SALLY
(She is working with sausage.)
Oh,. I didn't bring a bathing suit.. Oh well.... Let me see your knife.
Franklin hands Sally the switchblade..

FRANKLIN
Sally....

SALLY
Hum....

Cont..

43 Cont..

FRANKLIN
You think that guy was just trying to scare us blowing up my picture?

44 EXTERIOR DAY: RURAL ROAD

The van approaches the wreck of an old stone house.

45 INTERIOR DAY: VAN ON RURAL ROAD

FRANKLIN
That's it. That's it. Lookat thatold place..

KIRK
Yeah. I'd sure like to have a thing like that.

46 EXTERIOR DAY: BEFORE THE STONE HOUSE

The van pulls into the front yard of the old house.

The old house must have once been magnificant. It is now a crumbling shell. The grounds are overgrown..

Pam, Kirk, Jerry and Sally pile out of the van. Kirk and Jerry set up the ramp and wheel Franklin to the ground.

FRANKLIN
Watch my hand! (He holds his hand aloft.)

FRANKLIN
Where's the mark that guy made?

KIRK
(Indicates bloody smear)
Right there.

Franklin wheels close to the mark..

KIRK
Where's that creek. I think me and Pam are going to go swimming..

FRANKLIN
Oh,. I think it's off that way. There's probably an old trail.

47 CUT TO:

On the side of the van away from Franklin,. Pam,. Kirk,. Sally and Jerry are grouped.

Cont.

47

Kirk
We're going to go and see if we can find that swimming hole..Want to go?

SALLY
We didn't bring anything....

KIRK
What difference does that make?

PAM
You could weat what you have on.. light

JERRY
I'd like to look around this old place a bit anyway..

48 CUT TO:

Franklin on the opposite side of the van studying the mark..

Kirk approaches..Pam stands at a distance,, ready to go swimming.

KIRK
Hey,. man.... Me and Pam are taking off.

FRANKLIN
O.K..

KIRK
(Looks at bloody smear)
Strange..You think it means something.

FRANKLIN
I don't know.

He backs his chair away for a long look..

FRANKLIN
I think it might be some kind of a symbol.

KIRK
Well,..we'll see you later, man.

FRANKLIN
Where are Sally and Jerry?

KIRK
They're going to stay here..

FRANKLIN
O.K..

Kirk leaves,. joins Pam and they move off into the woods.

Sally joins Franklin..

Cont..

48 Cont..

SALLY
We're going to take a look inside..

FRANKLIN
Sally...You believe all thatstuff Pam was saying about Saturn in retrograde?

SALLY
Oh,.I don't know. I guess so. Everything means something.

49 INTERIOR DAY: STONE HOUSE

Franklin is wheeling around the ground floor. Jerry and Sally are exploring the second story. Their footsteps can be heard ecoing hollowly through the old house..

FRANKLIN
Sally...?

Franklin looks up..Footsteps come from directly overhead..

FRANKLIN
Sally?

Sally calls down from above..

SALLY
What?

FRANKLIN
That guy might try to follow us here.

There is a brief silence.

SALLY
Don't be silly.

CUT TO:

Sally, Jerry and Franklin are exploring the lower floor. Various shots of the three poking through rooms of old house..

FRANKLIN
Uncle Ed lived here a while after Grandpa died.. He had to move when they started laying people off at the slaughterhouse. Nobody's lived here since.as far as I know. All the people around here know how to do is slaughter cattle. I guess a lot of them had to move away or something..

Cont..

49 Cont..

Franklin wheels out onto a porch like area under a cantilevered section of the old house. There is a great deal of broken glass on the floor and it pops, crunches and splinters under the wheels of Franklins chair.

Franklin stops suddenly. Hanging in the corner of the porch is a crude wind chime or mobile of some sort made of sun bleached bones.

FRANKLIN
Sally, Jerry, come look at this.

Directly below the mobile is the skeleton of a long dead animal. Beneath theskeleton is the remnant of an old wollen blanket.

FRANKLIN
Sally!

50 EXTERIOR FOREST DAY

Kirk and Pam walk along a narrow, overgrown forrest trail.

PAM
Listen to me next time. I told you it was a bad time.

KIRK
Well, I think Houston is going to look pretty good. I wish we hadn't let Franklin drag us out here.

PAM
It's only a couple of hours to Houston. You will feel better after a swim.

KIRK
Hell, I'm liable to drown. That would be about par for this trip.

PAM

Look!

She points ahead at the tattered remnants of a tent clinging to a rusted metal frame.

KIRK

Yeah.

They stop. The remains of a camp are some ten yards off the path. Beneath the rotted rag of a ten are the remains of two sleeping bags and the area around the tent is littered with rusted camping gear. They pause only briefly then turn to continue. As Kirk turns he sees at eye level, nailed to a tree through its face an old pocket watch.

KIRK

Huh?

He looks closer, touches the watch.

KIRK

Did you see this.

Pam is beside him looking at the watch.

PAM

That's strange, huh?

KIRK

Yeah,. that was a good old watch.

They move on. The path narrows as they continue and is more and more overgrown.

Cont.

They walk in silence for a time.

The path intersects a dry creek bed.

KIRK

Well, I hope this isn't it.

They look up and down the creek bed for some sign of water. There is none; the creek looks as if it has been dry for some time.

PAM

It's been a long time since Franklin was here.

KIRK

Could be. Let's try a little further, O.K.?

PAM

Let's go.

They continue silently for approximately 25 yards. A low humming noise gradually comes up until it is clearly heard.

KIRK

Hear that motor?

PAM

No. Oh, yes I do now.

KIRK

Damn! Look at that.

PAM

Oh, look....

Cont.

Almost upon the path a gnarled, grotesquely twisted old tree has grown up under the wrech of an ancient car, weaving its heavy limbs around the body and rearing the front end off the ground.

They move slowly around the car.

KIRK

That's been here a long time.

PAM

Yeah.

KIRK

Let's see where that noise is coming from.

They continue on the path for another ten yards before suddenly breaking from the forest. Before them is a large meadow. On the far side of the meadow set under towering trees is a huge, old and weathered mansion, a large once red barn and several incidental outbuildings; no power lines run to the house and no automobiles or stock are visible. The motor noise comes from the barn.

51 EXTERIOR MEADOW DAY

KIRK

Look at that old place.

PAM

Yeah.. Look at those old lightening rods..

KIRK

Yeah. A haunted house. Maybe they can tells us where the creek is.

Kirk starts across the meadow.

PAM

Kirk.....

KIRK

Look at that old barn.

Cont.

52 Cont.

PAM

They might not like strangers.....

KIRK

I'd like to get some of that old lumber.

PAM

Kirk.....

KIRK

What?

PAM

Oh, never mind.

KIRK

People probably come up here all the time looking for the creek.

PAM

You're right.

They are within 50 yards of the old house and within 20 of the barn. It is now apparent that the motor noise is coming from the barn. The racket is terrific and they are forced to raise their voices to make themselves heard to one another. The noise decreases as they pass the barn and move nearer to the house.

PAM

It doesn't look like anybody's home.

KIRK

What?

PAM

I said.... Forget it. How can they stand the noise?

Cont.

KIRK

They're probably used to it. Probably don't even hear it.

They are now within a dozen yeards of the house.

PAM

I going to wait here. O.K.?

Kirk smiles and goes on.

KIRK

Chicken.

Pam sticks her tongue out. Kirk runs the remaining distance and bounds up the steps and across the porch. He taps lightly on the doorframe, the sound of his knocking hardly audible above the motor noise, then steps back to survey the house. Something hard and brittle explodes under his boot and he moves back another step to look. At his feet is what appears to be a tooth. He squats to inspect it; picks it up and examinesit. The weight of his step has chipped away a large piece but it is still very definitely a human tooth. There is even a small gold filling. He is surprised, curious and delighted with his discovery. He stands and turns to Pam who is watching a few yards away.

KIRK

Hey.

He leaps down the steps and trots over to Pam.

KIRK

Look at this.

He hold the tooth up for examination.

KIRK

I found it on the porch.

Pam pushes his hand away.

PAM

I don't want to touch it.

Cont..

52 Cont..

KIRK

It's a human tooth.

He fingers the tooth.

PAM

I know....You're crazy..

KIRK

It's even got the roots, see..

He pushes the tooth into her face again.

PAM

Don't..

She pushes his hand away.

PAM

We better go..

KIRK

I'm going to check the barn.

He bounds away before Pam can respond..

PAM

Kirk.

Kirk yells over his shoulder.

KIRK

They might be in there..

He races to the barn door which is slightly ajar and pounds on it loudly and shouts above the din.

KIRK

Anybody home..

He does not wait for a response and peers through the door the pulls it open. Pam follows lazily amused by his excitement..

Cont..

52 Cont.

KIRK

Hey, Pam. (He look toward Pam) Come look..

PAM

What now?

KIRK

Come on..

53 INTERIOR DAY BARN

Pam arrives before the open door. The din is terrific. The interior of the barn is packed with automobiles of every sort and age. Far in a dim corner of the barn is a huge unmuffled gasoline generator and beside it a large gasoline storage tank.

54 EXTERIOR DAY BEFORE BARN

KIRK

Look at that.

He shout at the top of hislungs to be heard above the din.

PAM

Wow.

KIRK

Can you believe it.

PAM

They might not like us folling around here. We better go.

KIRK

They've got gas. Look at that..

55 INT.. DAY BARN

He points to the gas tank.

56 EXT. DAY BEFORE BARN

KIRK

I'm going to check the house again..

He trots away.

Cont..

56 Cont.

PAM

Let's just go.. I don't care about swimming.

KIRK

(Yells to her) It'ill just take a second.

He bounds away toward the house.

57 EXT DAY SWING

From a huge old live oak below the barn hangs an ancient swinging bench. Pam wanders down the slope to the tree,. tests the bench, then seats herself and pushes off..

58 EXT. DAY HOUSE

Kirk has run to the house leapt up on the porch, opened the screen door and begun to pound vigorously on the front door. To his surprise the front door is unlatched and opens wide unders his blows. He peers down what in the gloom appears to be a long narrow chute like hallway.

KIRK

Hello. Anybody home?.

59 INT. DAY HOUSE

At the end of the hall a door opens into a lighted room. The far wall of the room is crowded with stuffed animal heads. The heads cover the wall from floor to ceiling. There are deer, elk,, moose and bear and various other game animals and also the heads of domestic animals, a cow, a pig,, a horse and a goat and a number of heads to saall to be distinguished at the distance. Kirk is delighted; he pokes his head into the hallway for a better look. The walls of the passageway are covered in cowhide. He cannot see the stuffed heads any better and withdraws,, turns around to look for Pam. Pam is swinging some 25 yards away. Kirk calls to her.

60 EXT DAY HOUSE

KIRK

Pam. Come look at this.

PAM

What?

KIRK

Come look.

Cont.

60 Cont..

PAM

No. We better go.

61 INTERIOR HOUSE DAY

Kirk is disappointed that she is unwilling to join him, hesitates briefly then darts into the house and down the hallway. Near the end of the hallway he trips and nearly falls over and elevated wooden ramp, catches himself and moves ahead. He is at the end of the passage and about to enter the lighted room when a huge, dark figure suddenly appears. Kirk catches a fleeting glimpse of a horrible leathery mask covering the face and hair of the figure, and takes a quick step backward as he sees an arm raised to strike. There is a high pitched pig like squeal ending in a hysterical whinny as the powerfull arm flashes downward and Kirk is struck a terrific blow square on the forehead with an ugly blunt headed sledge hammer. Kirk drops suddenly and slackly, hitting the floor with a dull thud. He is still a brief moment and then his body begins to twitch and jerk in a final muscle spasm. The sledge is raised slowly, high in the air and then plummets, smashing a final terrifying blow to Kirks head.

62 EXTERIOR HOUSE DAY

Pam has plucked a wildflower from a patch growing beneath the swing. She swings contentedly in the warm late afternoon sun. It is some time before she realizes that Kirk has not returned.

PAM

Kirk.

There is no response and she calls again.

PAM

Kirk. We'd better go, hon.

Again there is no response. She mounts the steps.

PAM

Kirk.

She arrives at the open doorway and is suddenly timid. She leans across the threshold and calls softly.

Cont..

62 52 Cont..

The door to the room at the end of the hall is now closed. Several doors open onto the hallway. Earlier all were closed;; now one toward the end of the hall on the left is open and through it a dim, grey light filters into the hall..

Pam steps into the hallway calling softly for Kirk.

63 INTERIOR HOUSE DAY

PAM

Where are you?

Pam enters the open doorway.

PAM

We have to go,, hon. Kirk?

64 INT. DAY DINING ROOM

The room is heavily draped;; only a dim light leaks through the heavy drapes.. She is in what must be a dining room. She can dimly see the dull white gleam of a cloth covered dining table surrounded by large,. grotesquely overstuffed chairs.. Beyond a massive arch at one end of the dining room is another room. A hard, dusty shaft of sunlight stabs the room from a slit in heavy drapes.. Pam moves cautiously across the dining room and stands below the arch looking into the room. The thin slit of sunlight provides some illumination and her eyes gradually become accustomed to the gloom. She calls tentatively..

65 INT.. DAY LIVING ROOM

PAM

Kirk?

The room is choking with furniture and accesories at first only dimly recognizable forms.. As her eyes adjust she sees that the furniture is constructed of combinations of bone, metal, wood and some sort of thin leathery substance. At first glance she recognizes animal forms, the bones and skulls of cows primarily and in lesser quantities the bones of smaller animals, goats, sheep, dogs and cats and others she does not recognize. Achill wet horror begins to well up inside her;; her lips are sudienly dry.. Flanking a massive chair which seems to be the central piece in the room are the grotesquely and crudely stuffed cats..

Cont..

65 Cont.

The work is very crude and the form of the cats has been horribly distorted; their bodies have an awkward, bloated look, their coats are thin and mangy and their eyes and mouthes have been sewn shut. Then she is aware of the chair. It is constructed of human bones. Its arms are human forearms the hands dangling to touch the stuffed seat. The legs are human legs and the feet the bones of human feet. Beside the chair is a tall floorlamp. The shade, a fluted cylinder made of some translucent leathery substance, is suspended from the crook of a human spinal column; the spinal column rests on the butts of four complete sets of leg bones including the feet all crudely joined with a leathery binding. At the base of the lamp is a magazine rack made from a human rigcage. Scattered piled and heaped in the room are bits and pieces of human bones and skulls. Pam screams in horror, turns and runs from the room. Halfway across the dining room she freezes. In the corner beyond the doorway through which she entered is a massive totem of human bones and skulls, a grasping, leering, beconing giant with eight clutching arms and as many heads. Bits of leathery skin andtufts of human hair adorn the huge many legged doll. Leathery wings spread over its many eyeless heads and ropes of human teeth decorate its grisly frame.

66 INT. DAY HALL

Pam screams and rushes out the door and bolts blindly down the hallway.

PAM

Kirk!

The main door at the end of the hall slams with a thundering crash and there is a hysterical high pitched, pig like squeal. The huge masked figure stands squealing before the door. Pam screams. Before she can move, almost before she is aware of the closing door and the presence of the leatherfaced figure, he is upon her. He wraps on long powerfull arm around her body clamping her arms to her sides and lifts her into the air with and with the other arm he forces her head back almost to the point of breaking her neck and she can only struggle weakly and gargle raggedly against the brutal force closing her throat. She tries to bite but her jaws clap futily in the air. She cam see the mask clearly now as she is rushed down the hallway. It is a close fitting hood rather than a

Cont..

66 Cont.

mask, covering the entirehead and slit to accomodate the ears. The face of the hood is human but shriveled and leathery. The hair is human hair. There is a throat piece which is tucked below the collar. Over his clothing the maskedfigure wears a heavy black rubber apron. They burst through the door at the end of the passage and into a large room. The room is a completely outfitted butchers shop and kitchen. With a squeal the masked figure lifts Pam high into the air and rushes her across the room. She feels a smooth warm prick and she is free high in the air impaled on the brutalsteel of a meathook. A belt of meathooks runs the length of the center of the room. Kirk hangs nearby nearly stripped of flesh. Pam kicks weakly, her eyes roll in their sockets, she tries to scream but her throat fills with blood and she chokes and gags. Leatherface moves swiftly. He strips Kirks body of its remaining flesh, lifts it from the meathook and lays it on a huge butcher block. Blood pours from Pams mouth. Her hands flutter weakly; her eyes have rolled back in her head and show only white. Leatherface draws the starter rope of a gasoline powered chain saw and it coughs then roars. Pam twitches faintly She coughs and spews a bloody mist clouding the air. The chain saw changes pitch as it bites into Kirk's flesh.

67 INT. DAY KITCHEN

68 EXTERIOR DAY: STONE HOUSE

There are three short loud blasts from the van's horn, a longer grating bellow, then silence. It is dusk. The sun has fallen below the horizon and the light is now dim and tinged with purple and orange. Jerry and Franklin are gathered close to a small lamely flickering campfire. Sally approaches the fire from the van.

SALLY

(Smiling) Think maybe they're doing something besides swimming.

JERRY

(Laughs) Sure.

Franklin is staring into the flames of the campfire. The words seem to bring him back from a state of semiconsciousness. He looks up at Jerry and Sally slightly dazed, wheels himself about and moves off in the direction of the van. He speaks as he moves and

68 Cont.

labors to give his words a casual air he does not feel..

FRANKLIN

Think I'ill take another look at that thing..

Jerry wags his head and grins at Sally..

JERRY

He's really got himself going..

Franklin is a Chaplinesque figure in his battered wheelchair; the damaged wheel flops oddly at each turn.

Franklin stops and wheels around to face Jerry and Sally..

FRANKLIN

Jerry. Hey,, there's this real witch,, Sybil Leek, that lives in Houston. (He wheels around and continues toward the van.) I bet she'd know what that symbol means.

He disappears around the far side of the van..

JERRY

I thought you didn't believe in that stuff.

FRANKLIN

(Call from the far side of the van) I don't. You don't think it means anything?

SALLY

Don't worry.. We'ill protect you if he tries to get you.

FRANKLIN

I'm not.. (Approaches campfire)

Cont..

68 Cont.

SALLY

(To Jerry) I'm a little worried. They should have been back by now.

FRANKLIN

I bet it's about me.

JERRY

He's going to kill you, Franklin.

FRANKLIN

It probably doesn't mean anything, huh?

SALLY

You worry too much, relax.

FRANKLIN

He'd never find us anyway, huh? He doesn't even know our names.

JERRY

I gave him your name, Franklin. I told him where you live too. He's going to get you.

SALLY

Jerry!

Franklin laughs nervously.

FRANKLIN

Huh, you don't even know where I live.

JERRY

It doesn't make any difference. He's still going to get you. He told me he was going to kill you!

FRANKLIN

Aw.

Cont.

68 Cont:

Franklin wheels about and heads slowly for the van.

SALLY

I'm going to honk again.

JERRY

Give them time.

Franklin is rummaging about as much of the van as is available to him from his chair beside the open side door. The ramp is on the ground.

SALLY

What do you need, Franklin.

FRANKLIN

I can't find my knife. Wouold you set up the ramp?

SALLY

O.K. Just a second. (To Jerry) I'm going to honk again.

Sally stand, stretches and walks to the van.

SALLY

Move a second and I'll set up the ramp.

FRANKLIN

Oh, O.K.

He wheels himself out of the way and Sally leans the ramp against the van.

SALLY

O.K.

Franklin wheels his chair into position before the ramp. Sally guides him up the ramp then climbs into the cab from the right side, leans over and gives three short blasts on the horn.

Cont:.

68 Cont..

JERRY

That knife won't do you any good, Franklin.. He likes that knife, remember.

Sally climbs out of the cab and starts for the campfire, then turns to Franklin.

SALLY

There's a flashlight in the glove compartment.. Want me to get it for you.

FRANKLIN

If you don't mind.

Sally reenters the cab, takes the flashlight from the glove compartment and hands it over the seat to Franklin then rejoins Jerry at the campfire.

SALLY

I think Franklin's really scared.

JERRY

Aw, he love it.

SALLY

You shouldn't be so hard on him.

JERRY

Why not? It's good for him.

SALLY

Oh,. I don't know..Let's not talk about it..

There is a moment of silence between Jerry and Sally then Sally looks up to see Franklin still searching the van for his knife.

SALLY

You didn't find it?

Cont.

68 Cont.

FRANKLIN

Not yet. You don't think Kirk took it?

SALLY

I don't know. When did you haveit last?.

JERRY

That guy.....I Never mind.

FRANKLIN

I don't know.. I can't remember taking it out of the van. (He returns to his search)

JERRY

Maybe I ought to walk down to the creek..

SALLY

Can I go too?

JERRY

I guess so. Well...maybe you better stay here. Franklin will want to go and I don't feel like pushing him around..

SALLY

I'd rather go with you.

Jerry grimaces not wanting to argue the point..

SALLY

Alright..(She kisses Jerry) Hurry back.

JERRY

O.K..(He stands and stretches) Watch out for snakes.

SALLY

Very funny.. Get out of here.. (She throws twig at his retreating figure)

Cont.

68 Cont.

JERRY

Franklin..

Franklin appears at door of the van .. flashlight in hand

FRANKLIN

What?

JERRY

I'm going to walk down to the creek.

FRANKLIN

Where's Sally?

JERRY

She's going to stay here. I'll be right back..

FRANKLIN

O.K..

Jerry enters the forrest following the path taken earlier by Kirk and Pam. Franklin lets himself down the ramp very slowly; the ramp sags dangerously but he is able to descend unassisted and wheels to the campfire.. He still carries the flashlight but switches it off on arriving at the campfire. Sally is squatting over the tiny blaze idly feeding it twigs one at a time..

FRANKLIN

Jerry's gone down to the creek.

Sally glances at Franklin but doesnot respond and continues feeding the fire.

FRANKLIN

Are you mad at me.

SALLY

No. (Laugh) Don't be silly..

Cont..

68 Cont..

There is a moment of silence.

FRANKLIN

You really are mad, huh.

SALLY

No.....

FRANKLIN

I don't blame you..

SALLY

I'm just a little tired. It's been a long day..

Cont..

68 Cont..

Darkness is falling rapidly. The sky is a deep purple and a full orange moon hangs low in the sky. Crickets are chirping in the trees..Night birds flutter eriely in the dim light and there is an occasional distant hooting of an owl..Strange,. shrill bird cries pierce the air and then receed and in their wake a distant answer fills the night..There are covert rustlings and stirrings in the underbrush. Franklin suddenly flicks on the flashlight, wheels its probing beam around the perimeter of the park..

FRANKLIN

Did you hear anything.

SALLY

No..It might be Jerry and them.

Franklin switches off the light.

FRANKLIN

Do you believe in premonitions?

SALLY

I don't know..Do you?

Franklin does not answer..Sally has continued to feed the fire and now it is a healthy though small blaze and casts an erie yellow bottom lighy on their faces..

FRANKLIN

You don't think that hitchiker would try to follow us?

SALLY

Oh,. don't be silly.

There is another period of silence..Sally continues to feed small twigs to the fire..Franklin gives the flashlight an elaborate examination.

FRANKLIN

There's no way he could follow us.

68 Cont.

Sally glances at Franklin but does not answer.

FRANKLIN

He's probably afraid Kirk will kill him.

Again Sally doesnot respond and there is a moment of silence..

FRANKLIN

I never did find my knife.. I'm going to check around the van..

He turns the flashlight on.. grips it between his knees and wheels about and heads for the van.. He searches the ground around the van vainly.. Finally he halts facing the blood smear and lets the flashlight play over it.

FRANKLIN

Sally...?

SALLY

What now?

FRANKLIN

Nothing.. It's just.... Never mind.

He continues to study the blood smear.

69 EXTERIOR DAY FORREST

Jerry moves along the path. He has passed the tent and the car and is very near the meadow. The sound of the generator is heard. He stops and calls.

JERRY

Kirk... Pam..

70 EXTERIOR MEADOW DAY

He listens for a moment then moves aheah soon breaking out of the forrest upon the meadow. Across the way are the great house, the barn and outbuildings. It is

Cont..

70 Cont.

dusk. The sun has been below the horizon for some time but yet throws a dusty red light against the purple sky. The moon, full and deep orange, hangs just above the trees behind the house. A single room in the rear of the house glows faintly with a pale yellow light.

Jerry starts across the meadow toward the house. As he walks another light appears in a second story room. He crosses the meadow and clomps loudly up the steps and across the porch and pounds on the screen door frame. The front door is opened. There is a light burning beyond a half opened door at the end of the hallway.

JERRY

Hello.

He waits for a moment then.

JERRY

Anybody home.

There is no response and he pounds more vigorously on the door frame. He waits for the sound to fade then calls.

JERRY

Hey, anybody home.

There is no response. He listens for a sound from within the house and when there is none after some time he shrugs and turns away. He has not reached the steps when he hears a sound from within. It is a low, unintelligible sound and he is almost uncertain he has heard anything. He turns and walks to the door again.

JERRY

Hello. I'm looking for some friends. Can you hear me?

There is no response and Jerry waits for a long moment before turning away again. A strange noise breaks the silence; it is almost a chortling or repressed laughter.

Cont.

70 Cont.

JERRY

Kirk? That you?

He pauses.

JERRY

You guys quit playing games. We got to go..

From the house comes a faint tingling like the bells on Pam's bracelet..

JERRY

Kirk.. Pam. You guys in there?

71. INTERIOR HOUSE DAY

He opens the screen and steps into the hallway. The light he had earlier seen comes from behind a half closed door at the end of the passage.. Thereis no light in the hall and with daylight almost gone it is nearly black. He can see nothing but a vertical shaft of light at the end of the hall..The screen door closes behind him and he steps further into the passageway..

JERRY

O.K. You guys.....

As the sound of his words die away he hears a bumping and thumping noise coming from the lighted room.

JERRY

Alright. Come on out.....

He moves boldly to the door at the end of the passage.. The door swings opean easily and he steps into the room.

72 INT. DAY KITCHEN

JERRY

Kirk,, that you?

The room is lit by a single bulb,shaded by a thin,. leathery, translucent material, hanging low over

Cont.

72 Cont.

a huge butcher block.. The bulb swings slightly as if a gentle breeze might touch it from time to time.. The far wall is covered with animal heads. The room is evidently a kitchen and butcher room.. The walls are hung with every conceiveable tool of the butchers trade and there is beside the massive butcher block a powerfull band saw,. a huge, long electric freezer and meat grinding equiptment of various sorts. Running the length of the center of the room is a heavy steel track bolted to the ceiling; heavy sharp tipped meat hooks hang from the track.

Jerry stops just inside the door and seeing no one peers into the darkness beyond the pool of light cast by the single bulb..

JERRY

Hey,. you guys.....

From the freezer comes a thumping,. clattering sound and Jerry moves quickly to it and after some small difficulty with the ancient latch raises the lid.. Her muscles worming, her jaws clacking mechanically,. and her eyes roving wildly in their sockets,. Pam sits bolt upright in the freezer. Jerry backs away in surprise,. shock and horror and Pam slumps over the edge of the freezer..

From the darkness behind Jerry comes a shrill pig like squeal ending in a hysterical whinny..

Jerry whirls and sees a monsterous figure and a grotesquely masked face,. a brutal arm raised high and then a heavy sledge hammer smashes into his skull and he drops heavily to the floor his body jerking in awfull agony. Leatherface stands over the body chortling and shrilling, his breath coming in quick wet gasps choked with a hysterical inhuman wheezing.

Suddenly the heavy arm flickers,. Leather face squeals, and the hammer arcs out slamming into the slumping Pam. The blow lifts her,. throwing her body into the freezer.. One arm dangles limply from the box. Leatherface slaps the arm into the freezer and slams the lid. Then his excitement builds again and he begins to gurgle, chortle and wheeze and finally to squeal and shrill

Cont..

72 Cont.

and then he rushes about the room in a frenzy lifting the shades from the windows and peering out into the growing darkness.

73 EXTERIOR NIGHT: STONE HOUSE

It is very dark. The full moon has not yet risen above the trees to light the campsite. The tiny campfire is now only glowing coals.

The headlights of the van came on capturing Franklin before the van in blinding bone white light. The small beam of the flashlight Franklin carries pricks the darkness of the forrest with its feeble point. There are three long blasts from the horn and then silence.

Franklin moves toward the van. Sally is just outside the van on the drivers side; the door is open and she is leaning into the cab.

FRANKLIN

They must be lost. They don't have a flashlight or anything.

He is visibly frightened and his voice reflects his anxiety.

SALLY

If they're not back in a minute I think we ought to go look for them.

There is a hint of anxiety in her voice.

FRANKLIN

We could build a big fire.

SALLY

Good idea. I'ill gather some wood. See if you can get the fire going again.

Sally moves off to gather wood. Franklin watches in silence for a moment then moves toward the campfire.

Cont.

73 Cont..

FRANKLIN

Sally.....

Sally is gathering wood in the light of the headlights. She continues with her task as she speaks..

SALLY

What?

FRANKLIN

You O.K..?

Sally glances toward the campfire.

SALLY

Yes..Where are you?

FRANKLIN

Over here.

Franklin is behind the headlights and only halfway between the van and the campfire. He had stopped but now begins to move again.

SALLY

How's the fire.

FRANKLIN

I don't know yet.

Sally has gathered an armload of wood and is walking toward the campfire. Franklin is now beside the fire and hurridly feeding small twigs and leaves to the coals. Flames flicker and catch the leaves and twigs.. Sally dumps her armload of wood beside the fire and and begins feeding twigs to the flame.

FRANKLIN

We might get lost..

Sally glances at Franklin but does not respond and continues to feed the fire gradually increasing the size of the material.

FRANKLIN

I think we ought to go back to that gas station and get help.

SALLY

I'm not leaving here without Jerry.

73 Cont..

Her face is showing the strain of her anxiety. It is pale andnow seems tired and a bit harsh. The firelight fliskers over her features highlighting her forehead, nose and chin and leaving her eyes pinpoints of light gleamin from dark sockets.

FRANKLIN

They'ill probably be here in a minute.

SALLY

I hope so.

FRANKLIN

It would just take a minute to get to that gas station. We wouldn't be gone long.

Sally does not answer and there is a brief period of tense silence.

FRANKLIN

Sally.

SALLY

What? (Her voice is tense and hard)

FRANKLIN

(Timidly) I think we ought to go.

Sally stares into the fire but does not respond.

FRANKLIN

The keys in the van?

SALLY

You still have the flashlight?

FRANKLIN

Yes. (He blinks the light)

Cont..

73 Cont..

SALLY

Could I see it for a minute.

Franklin guesses her intentions and is reluctant and deliberately stupid.

FRANKLIN

What for?

SALLY

I'm going to look for them.. You don't have to go.

FRANKLIN

Don't go..I don't think it's a good idea..

Sally stand and extends her hand for the flashlight.

Franklin sees she can not be detered,, nevertheless he begins to move..

FRANKLIN

Let me honk again..

He wheels away toward the van, the flashlight between his knees.

SALLY

WIll you give me the flashlight?

FRANKLIN

Let's try one more time,.O.K.?

He wheels around the side of the van and strains to oben the cab door on the drivers side..

FRANKLIN

Just a minute.. If they don't come we'll go.

He has managed to open the cab door and manuvered his chair alongside the seat and now hoists himself high

Cont.

73 Cont.

in the chair in order to reach the horn. Sally starts toward the van. Franklin glances at the ignition;; there are no keys!

FRANKLIN

Sally! They took the keys.

He honks the horn furiously. Sally moves faster toward the van finally breaking into a run. She shouts to Franklin her voice lost in the din of the horn..

SALLY

Stop it. Stop it..

Franklin sinks into his chair exhaused by his effort. He is breathing heavily. He gasps as Sally reaches his side.

FRANKLIN

Jerry must have taken the keys..We don't have any keys.

Sally takes the flashlight from between his knees..

SALLY

You wait here and keep the fire going..

Sally turns on the flashlight and begins searching the perimeter of the clearing for the path taken by Kirk, Pam and Jerry..Franklin wheels close.

FRANKLIN

I better go.

Sally does not answer and having found the path moves toward it.

FRANKLIN

Sally.....I'm going too..

Sally moves rapidly away; she does not respons to Franklin..

Cont..

73 Cont.

Franklin is close behind,. laboring desperately to keep up. His chair wobbles awkwardly and he has difficulty in steering.

FRANKLIN

Sally..... I can't keep up.

Still Sally does not respond and Franklin begins to drop behind. She enters the forrest;: Franklin is desperate..

FRANKLIN

Sally..Sally. I think I hear something.

Sally stops and turns the flashlight on Franklin who quickly makes up the distance.

74 EXTERIOR FORREST NIGHT

FRANKLIN

I thought I heard something..

SALLY

Let's go. (She turns to go)

FRANKLIN

Let me hold the light.

Sally turns again,. hands the flashlight to Franklin,. steps behind the wheelchair and wheels Franklin rapidly down the path. They move is silence for some moments. The moon is high overhead now, ripe and a deep red orange. The shrilling of insects fills the night air.

Sally stops suddenly.

SALLY

There's a light. Look.

She points down the path. A light from the house in the meadow can be seen glimmering beyond the trees.

FRANKLIN

Yeah.....

Cont:.

74 Cont.

They move off.

SALLY

It's a house.

FRANKLIN

I can't see it very well.

SALLY

That's O.K.

They continue in silence.

FRANKLIN

Sally! Sally, I heard something.. Stop a minute.

Sally halts the wheelchair and they listen carefully.. Franklin wheels the flashlight about. The gutteral cough of a gasoline engine suddenly fills the air.. It seems almost upon them. Both whirl to face the noise and see a massive,. hulking figure roar down upon them wheelding a chain saw. The ugly steel fangs of the saw flash in the moonlight and the wavering beam of the flashlight. Sally screams and dodges the figures rush. Franklin is caught in an awfull slashing,. gouging bite of the chain saw.. Red hot sparks and bits of steel schrapnel are flung into the night air as the powerfull saw easily passes through Franklin and mangles the frail steel of the wheelchair.

Leatherface wastes not a moment on Franklin and is off before the saw has done its one terrible swipe.

Sally has seen the saw begin its work and is overwhelmed with horror and panic. Screaming hysterically she runs for the lighted house..

Leatherface is close behind the gutteral reving of the chain saw smashing the night air..

Sally has left the path and run into the forrest,. seeking the shortest most direct route to the lighted house. The forrest floor is tangled and choking with grasping, tearing vines and brambles..

Cont.

74 Cont..

She claws her way through the undergrowth.. 75

Behind her,. Leatherface,wielding the chain saw,. is able to makegreater headway and is rapidly closing the gap..

Suddenly Sally is caught in a net of vines and thorny brambles and screaming and begging for help she claws desperately at the clinging growth..

Leatherface is almost upon her. The chain saw roars like a thousand oceans..

Sally is crawling,. scratching,. scrambling beneath the web of prisioning vines and as the ugly saw bites into her ropy prison she breaks free and upon the meadow. She is off at a dead run.

75 EXTERIOR MEADOW NIGHT

Squealing and whinnying Leatherface follows with a speed which seems to overwhelm the small progress Sally makes.. The racket of the generator joins the screaming of the chain saw.

Sally screams,. begs and sobs for help..

SALLY

Help! Help! Open the door.Please!

.Her lungs scream for relief; her breath comes in rasping, choking gulps. She reaches the porch and leaps up the stairs,. Leatherface hardly a dozen yards behind.. The front door of the house is open though there is a closed screen.. She swings wide the screen and leaps into the hallway and slams the front door behind and begins a frantic struggle to bolt the door before Leatherface can smash it open.. She is sobbing hysterically, her lungs heave,. her hands tremble violently and she is hardly able to direct them.. She manages to close the heavy bolt securing the door at almost the moment Leatherface throws his weight against it;; the door buckles but holds.. Sally steps back knowing the door is only a temporary barrier.

76 INTERIOR HOUSE NIGHT

The pitch of the chain saw changes at it bites into the heavy door..Leatherface screams, shrillsand squeals frantically..

Sally turns and runs down the hallway.. The rooms on either side of the hallway are dark with a single exception and Sally rushes into the lighted room..

77 INT. NIGHT GRANDFATHERS ROOM

Inside the room is a large overstuffed rocking chair and sunk in the rocker is a tiny, very old and shriveled man. He is motionless,. his eyes shut.. He is

Cont..

77 Cont.

so small that his legs dangle above the floor likea childs though his are slack and lifeless.. Sally rushes to him, throws herself at him begging for help.

SALLY

Help! Oh,, please,. please,, help!

The old man does not respond; he is like the dead. Sally abandons the ancient man and looks wildly about the room. Scattered randomly about the room are crudely stuffed and bloated cats and dogs their mouths and eyes sewn shut. Sally gasps in horror,, turns and charges into the hallway..

78 INT.. NIGHT HALL

Leatherface stands in the open doorway wielding the chain saw and squealing and shrilling like a mad pig..

Sally turns and run for a flight of stair near the end of the passage.

Leather face rushes and is nearly upon her at the base of the stairs. A wild swipe of the saw grazes her side as she scrambles up the steps loosing her footing briefly on the worn,. slick wood of the steps.. Leatherface is on top of her as she reaches the first landing. Amad swipec of the saw rips through the bannister. On the landing large double windows look out over the meadow.. Sally turns. She is cornered.. Leatherface raises the saw for a final cut. Sally screams and plunges through the window in a shower of glass..

79 <u>EXTERIOR HOUSE NIGHT</u>

High shrubery below the window breaks her fall somewhat and she hits the ground cut and scraped from the glass and shrubery but otherwise unhurt. She glances at the window and sees Leatherface turn and leap down the stairway as she bolts for the forrest..

She crosses the meadow and enters the forrest running desperately. She does not scream or cry out for help now; all strength,, all energy is consumed in running, running,. running.

As she enters the forest Leatherface rounds the corner of the House and leaps after her covering the ground in monsterous strides,, squealing and shrilling,. the-

Cont..

79 Cont.

chain saw growling.. It seems as if Leatherface enters the forrest only moments after Sally disappears into its darkness. He seems to have gained half the distance lost in a matter of moments.

80 EXTERIOR FORREST NIGHT

The light of the full moon now high filters through the ragged cape of the treetops and dapples the forrest floor in an erie phosphorescent light. Sally runs blindly, low hanging branches claw at her face,. throat and arms, thorny undergrowth rips at her flashing legs and thick ropy tendrils snarl her feet. She stumbles,. wavers,. charges ahead.

The ugly bark of the chain saw fills the night air and above it comes the thin,. high shrilling.

Ahead and to one side the movement of headlights on the highway. Sally alters her course for the headlights and crashes full face into a rough barked tree. She is stunned. She fights waves of nausea and dizziness.. She plunges ahead with desperate, savage determination. Fallen, rotting trees, the choking,. grasping undergrowth, and the loose mouldy soil slow her progress.

The chain saw screams close behind and she throws herself intoa dead run and suddenly bursts from the forrest upon the highway.

81 EXTERIOR HIGHWAY NIGHT

The lights of the service station glow dimly a mile up the highway and Sally leaps the bar ditch and runs out onto the highway and races for the station..

Leatherface bursts from the forrest.

Distant headlights break upon the darkness of the roadway and bear down upon Sally. She screams and pleads of the approaching car to stop. The headlights approach at high speed and catching the running figure in their beams swerve wildly, fishtailing but never slowing or altering course and are soon winking distant red pinpoints of light.

Sallys breath comesin long ragged gasps. She is on the verge of collapse. The lights of the service station are a watery glimmer in her blurring vision.

Cont..

81 Cont.

Leatherface is back on the blacktop and descending on the faltering Sally with terrifying rapidity.

Suddenly she is before the service station, pounding on the door and pleading, sobbing for help..

Leatherface stops in the darkness at the edge of the forrest opposite the service station. The chain saw is suddenly still. Leatherface is visibly frightened. He ceases his squealing and begins to pad in animal frenzy from the protection of the dark forrest to the edge of the light cast by the service staion and back again,. tittering nervously.

Their is no response to Sallys cries and she runs for a lighted outbuilding. She pounds on the door pleading for entry but does not wait for an answer and pushes the door open and rushes inside. The old man is just inside the door apparently himself on the verge of opening it when she rushes in. Sally falls back against the door slamming it shut.

82 INTERIOR COOK SHED NIGHT

Sally tries to speak,. gags on her word, her breath coming in long shrill gasps. She manages to wimper..

SALLY

Help!

Her body begins to tremble violently and she lurches as if she might collapse..

SALLY

Man's trying.... (She gags) to...to kill me.

The old man is at her side supporting her. He holds her, bolts the door and glances out the window.

OLD MAN

Woah,..now. You're O.K..

He leads her to a bench.

OLD MAN

What happened?

He helps Sally take a seat. She is now sobbing hysterically,. gagging on her cries,. her breath

Cont..

82 Cont.

still coming in long wheezing gasps.. She trembles violently..

SALLY

He...he.... (She begins to cough and is unable to speak for the moment)

OLD MAN

Take it easy. Take it easy..

The old man is nervous.. He darts to the window and peers out again, then returns to Sally.

OLD MAN

There's nobody there now.

Sally has regained her composure somewhat. She has brought her sobbing under control and now concentrates her efforts on getting her breath and trying to talk between long gasps. She still trembles visibly.

SALLY

Call the police. Ugh...(She gasps) He might come.

OLD MAN

What happened?

SALLY

He.... (She gasps for breath) He killed Franklin. I don't...(She gags again) ...know....

The old mans arms are around Sallys shoulders;; he tries to calm her and to still her trembling. She is on the verge of going into shock and is struggling to maintain control over herself.

SALLY

Owww.

She begins to sob quietly but violently her body wracked by sobs. Abruptly she stops determined to control her emotions..

Cont..

83 Cont..

SALLY

Jerry...I.... (He eyes fill with tears) We have to call the police. I don't know what happened to the others.

OLD MAN

There's no phone here. (He nervously strokes Sallys head)

SALLY

No phone...?

OLD MAN

We have to drive over to Childress.

He grasps her by the shoulders and leans close.

OLD MAN

I'll get the truck. You take it easy now..

Sally nods uncomprehending but comforted by his strength and assurance and the old man is away and out the door before she realizes she is again alone.. She rises with a start but the door has slammed behind the old man and she hears his footsteps on the graveled drive.. She starts for the door then hears the door of the truck open and reassured that he is close by returns to her seat. The truck roars to life;: the engine revs and fades as the old man warms it up.

The tiny cook room is bathed in a red glow from a huge open cooking pit over which large chunks of meat are suspended on several spits. Sally sinks to the bench.. She has managed to bring her breathing under control and now only gasps occasionally. She trembles violently from time to time; her eyes are beginning to glaze as shock sets in; her pupils are dialated. She rests her head on her arms and stares vacantly into the glowing red fire. Long ropes of sausage hang before the brick and cast iron cook pit; the iron of the pit glows red with the heat. Sallys arms rest on a massive chopping block. Before her she dimly sees portions

Cont.

83 Cont..

of cooked meat and sausage and a large butcher knife.. The old man had been slicing meat when she came to the door.

The truck pulls up before the cook shed;: there is the sound of a door opening and closing,, then a second opening.. The old man enters the cook shed.. He is nervous.. He steps forward a pace or two.. Sally turns and smiles.. The old man is carrying a gunny sack;: his behavior is strangely ominous.. Sally senses something is amiss and looks more closely at him.. The old man moves forward silently.. Sally stands apprehensively. The old man pulls a length of heavy rope out of the gunny sack..

SALLY

What are you doing?

The old man moves closer.. He is frightened and unsure..

OLD MAN

Now, now.... (He waves her to sit down) ...just take it easy.

Sally backs away..

SALLY

Oh,, no.....

OLD MAN

Now you just cooperate young lady and we won't have no trouble.

Sally backs up against the butcher block.

SALLY

What do you want?

Her hands move over the butcher block and come upon the butcher knife;: her fingers curve around the handle..

Cont..

83 Cont..

OLD MAN

Now, now, no need to do that..

He picks up a long handeled broom.

OLD MAN

Nobody's going to hurt you.

SALLY

No!...!

She moves around the butcher block to the far wall.. The old man approaches cautiously,. nervously.. His breathing is ahallow and rapid.

OLD MAN

(Almost pleading,. whining) Don't make it hard on me,. young lady.

SALLY

Please don't..

There is no avenue of escape. She is cornered in the tiny cook shed. She waves the knife threateningly..

The old man suddenly charges, swats the knife from her hand and beats her about the head and shoulders with the broom. The broom handle breaks and he beats her with the short,. jagged length of stick that remains..

SALLY

(Screams) No,no,. please!

She tries to escape but the blows confuse and batter her.. The old man manages to knock her feet from under her and she falls and the old man quickly pounces on her.

SALLY

Ugh..

He plants his knees in her back pinning her to the floor and driving the air from her lungs.. He gives

Cont..

her a couple of stunning blows to the head with the broom handle.. Sally nearly blacks out;: she is dazed,. paralyzed for lack of oxygen.. The old man wastes not a moment.. Before she can recover he has bound her hands behind her back, stuffed her mouth with a soiled rag and slipped the gunny sack over her head and shoulders..

84 EXT STATION NIGHT

He struggles to get her to her feet. She sags against him,. dead weight. He drags,. half carries her across the room,. pauses at the door briefly to look out, then rushes her from the shed to the truck,. hoists her to the floorboard and slams the door shut.. He is breathing heavily,. exhausted by his struggles. He moves with an old man's shuffling run back to the cook shed,. disappears inside,. the shed goes dark and exits,. the length of broom handle in hand,. padlocks the door and climbs into the truck cab behind the wheel..

85 INTERIOR TRUCK NIGHT

He settles into the seat,. gives a sigh of relief,. releases the handbrake and the truck moves out onto the highway. The old man speaks to Sally.. His voice is pleasant and light as if they might be old friends passing time.

OLD MAN

Had to lock up and get the lights.. (He pauses,. shakes his head disparagingly) Cost of electricity's enough to drive a man out of business..

Sally mumbles through her gag. She struggles against her bonds but they hold fast.

They move down the highway at a slow but decent rate.. The old truck is moving as fast as is comfortable. The old man prods Sally gingerly with the stick.. He is still nervous and seems almost afraid of her reaction.

OLD MAN

Hope you're not too uncomfortable down there.

Sally cries out against the gag..

The old man again pokes her with the stick.. He seems to enjoy torturing her and at the same time to be afraid that the torture will produce some terrible reaction with which he will be unable to cope..

OLD MAN

No need for you to worry yourself, now. You just take it easy. We be there soon..

85 Cont..

Sally cries out against her gag..

OLD MAN

Now, now, there.

He deaccelerates the truck, then brakes and they turn off the highway onto the road earlier taken by the van.

OLD MAN

That won't do you no good.

The truck rattles down the rutted overgrown road.. The springs have long since lost their tension and the shocks are ancient and useless and the truck bounces over the road like a pogo stick..

OLD MAN

Hang on..We be over this stretch in a bit. (He giggles)

The headlights pick up a figure walking along the road. The old man slows the truck and honks the horn..

OLD MAN

(Angrily) Halfwit!

The figure on the road is the hitchiker. He saunters willy-nilly over the road slapping lazily at the trees with the long dead and limp carcass of a rabbit he carries.

The old man lays on the horn as the truck is upon the hitchiker. The hitchiker moves slightly to one side of the road but otherwise ignore the truck..

OLD MAN

Little coonshit..

86 EXT. NIGHT ROAD

The old man jams on the brakes; the truck slides to a halt and he grabs the stick and leaps out of the cab and runs toward the hitchiker. The hitchiker turns,, sees the old man approach and begins to back away.

Cont.

EXTERIOR ROAD NIGHT

OLD MAN

Come here,. you nap haired idiot.

HITCHIKER

(Whines) I didn't do anything.

OLD MAN

Where you been?

He is upon the hitchiker and beating him with the stick.. The hitchiker cringes, covers his head and face with his arms and retreats from the blows..

HITCHIKER

Out on the road. I been on the road.

OLD MAN

You damn fool. You nearly got caught over at Newt..

HITCHIKER

They don't know nothing.. They didn't catch me.

He breaks and runs from the old man. The old man hollers after him..

OLD MAN

I told you to stay away from that graveyard..

He runs back to the truck.

The hitchiker takes the fork off the road,. unlocks the gate and swings it open.

87 INT. NIGHT TRUCK

The old man drives the truck through the gate. As he passes the hitchiker jumps on the running board.

Cont..

87 Cont.

OLD MAN
Your damn fool brother got after a bunch of kids.

88 INTERIOR HOUSE NIGHT

They enter the meadow before the big house, now brilliantly lit. The noise of the generator fills the air. They stop the truck before the house and together unload Sally and drag and carry her to the house. The old man leaves the hitchiker to the task outside the door, pausing to hold the screen wide for him to enter through the splintered remnant of the door, and then moves down the hall.

The door at the end of the hall opens and Leatherface appears. He is a huge man with heavy shoulders and enormous hands. He weard an old baggy flannel pinstripe suit and a starched shirt open at the throat. The suit front is covered by a large gingham apron. Over his face he wears a leathery mask. The mask is distinctly different fron the one he earlier wore. It is the tanned facial skin of an elderly woman; it has been stretched over a rigid form to give it the proper shape. It is apparent that behind the mask Leatherface is smiling broadly; there is a flash of filed teeth. He is excited and pleased with himself; he approaches wiping his hands on the apron. He speaks but his words are unintelligible snorts, chortling, gutteral and shrill coughs and squeals.

LEATHERFACE

A ab e y ob er ewe ober.

The old man is angry and attacks Leatherface.

OLD MAN

You damn fool.

The old man draws back his hand to cuff Leatherface and Leatherface is transformed to a cringing whining child. He slinks fearfully back through the doorway. The old man follows.

89 INTERIOR HOUSE DINING ROOM NIGHT

The hitchhiker has managed to manuver Sally into the dining room of the house and has seated her and

Cont.

89 Cont.

bound her securely in a large overstuffed chair at the dining table. The table has been set for four persons but Sally has not been placed before a table setting. Before one of the settings there is no chair. The hitchiker removes the gunny sack from Sallys head.

HITCHIKER

I thought you was in a hurry.

Sally gags at the sight of the hitchiker.

HITCHIKER

Decided to come by my house after all,. huh.

Sally chokes in horror. The dining room is not brightly lit. She sees the giant totem of human bones and skulls. The dining table is constructed of cow bones and the room is lit by a huge chandeleer made of human finger bones. In the living room beyond she can see the grisly collection of furniture made of human and animal bones. The lampshade on the spinal column lamp can now clearly be seen. It is made of the flesh of human hands ingeniously woven together.

90 INTERIOR HOUSE BUTCHER ROOM

OLD MAN

You better damn got them other kids.

Leatherface retreats to the far end of the butcher room. (He has evidently been preparing supper) He is nervous and shrinking, evidently terrified of the old man though he is much larger and stronger. He busies himself fussily and noisily with his pots and pans as if his service might sooth the old man. The old man persues him, following close on his heels as he moves about the kitchen yelling all the while in his ear.

OLD MAN

Where them kids?

Leatherface answers with a rush of sounds, high pitched and timorous.

LEATHERFACE

Iba goba igee em a

Cont.

90 Cont.

OLD MAN

How come you didn't wait for bubba.. You damn fool. Fool. I ever catch you out on the road.....Where's them kids? Show me where they are.

Leatherface answers with a barrage of sounds and points at the butcher block on which there is a small quantity of newly made sausage and at the freezer.Franklin's battered wheelchair stands beside the freezer.

LEATHERFACE

Ib abe e de yce me abge.

OLD MAN

None of them get away? (He draws back his hand to cuff Leatherface.

LEATHERFACE

Fü iba u sob moer e coshe. (He shakes his head vigorously)

OLD MAN

You sure.

Leatherface shakeshis head vigorously yes.

LEATHERFACE

I iba i i iba i.

The old man draws back his hand once again and Leatherface cringes before him but seems ready to receive the blow. The old man lowers his hand.

OLD MAN

You damn fool.. you ruined the door..

The old mans anger has abated and Leatherface seeing his anger has passed begins to chortle happily and turns to his dinner preparations.

91 INTERIOR HOUSE DINING ROOM NIGHT

The hitchiker returns to the dining room and opens the door as wide as is possible thenagain disappears.

Cont..

91 Cont:.

There is the sound of something heavy being drug across the floor and suddenly the ancient man,. the grandfather,. in the heavy rocking chair appears in the open doorway;; the hitchiker is behind the chair shoveing it through the doorway.. The grandfather still looks dead. He has not moved and does not respond in any way to anything about him.. The moving of his rocker has set it in motion but the old man rocks lifelessly with the chair.

Leatherface enters the room from another door, evidently leading to the kitchen. The door is left open and the kitchen can be seen beyond. He is carrying a dish of cold cuts which he places on the table then turns toward the kitchen,. sees the hitchiker with the old grandfather. He speaks in a kindly and welcoming tone to the grandfather,, approaches the chair and bends to kiss him on the forehead then straightens to speak to the hitchiker;; he accompanies his garbled sounds with gestures..

LEATHERFACE

Aba de ah du o dey;; erik beaka obida tey..

His gestures indicat that the grandfather should be placed beside Sally. He is smiling graciously beneath his mask;; filed teeth flash behind the loose lips of the mask. The hitchiker nods vigorously indicating his understanding and manuvers the old man into position close to Sally but facing the opposite direction. On the back of the grandfather's chair is painted the symbol the hitchiker scrawled on the van..

HITCHIKER

You did good.

Leatherface beams broadly from beneath his mask. He assists the hitchiker in positioning the grandfather and chortles a response.

LEATHERFACE

Abe do, aba do.

Sally watches and listens to the proceedings in wide eyed horror. She has exhausted her energy in struggling futily against her bonds and now no longer struggles but jerks away whenever one of the brothers appraoches.. She is frightened now certain that something is about to happen. Her chair is positioned beside and facing the grandfather and Leatherface is fussing over her and occasionaly strokes her hair. Leatherface speaks to the hitchiker again seeming to give instructions his words accompanied with gestures.

LEATHERFACE

Aga does uh er.

91 Cont.

The hitchiker moves behind Sally's chair and from behind and to one side grasps her arm just above the wrist in both his hands. Leatherface picks up a knife from the table and approaches. Sally begins to struggle and scream as best she is able though she is securely bound and gagged. Leatherface speaks to her in a reassuring tone and strokes her hair then cuts the ropes that bind the arm held by the hitchiker,. turns her her palm up and quickly and expertly cuts deeply into the tip of her index finger. Sally struggles violently on the verge of fainting but is firmly held by the hitchiker. Leatherface lifts her hand and with the hitchikers assistance they force it into the grandfathers mouth. Leatherface must open the slack toothless mouth himself and insert the finger.. Once the finger is in his mouth the grandfather begins to suckle like and an infant his arms and legs suddenly have life and begin to squirm. He buts Sallys finger with his hands as if it were a reluctant breast. Sally looks on with horror. The cutting of her finger had nearly brought on a faint and the horror and revulsion of the service she has been made to give are too much and she blacks out.

92 INTERIOR HOUSE DINING ROOM

Sally regains consciousness. The first thing she sees is Leatherface seated opposite. He now wears a new mask. It is the face of a woman who might once have been beautiful. The process of tanning the flesh has shrunken the size of the features and given them a deep mahogany tint. The mask has been made up with a white powder and has some of the starkness of stage make up.. The lips are heavily ringed with a dark red lipstick,. the eyebrows penciled in darkly with mascara,. thelashes have been covered with false ones and around the eyes there is a greenish eye shadow.
The hair on the mask is long and flows down over his shoulders. On his wrist Pam's bracelet jingles.. Sally screams.. Her gag has been removed.. The hitchiker joins her screams witha howl and Leatherface, suddenly delighted,. joins his howls to theirs. The old man looks peeved,. then begins to howl,. then as abruptly stops seemingly distressed.. Sally suddenly stops. The hitchiker begins to giggle but Leatherface continues to howl.. The grandfather does not respond to the racket..

SALLY

Oh,. please, please....

Cont..

892 Cont.

The brothers are having a snack of cold cuts and headcheese..

OLD MAN

Shut up..

The howling continues drowning his command.

OLD MAN

Quiet!

By this time Sally has stopped screaming and the hitchiker is giggling;;only Leatherface continues to howl. The oldmans voice penetrates his howling and he stops abruptly,. crestfallen and suddenly timid.

OLD MAN

You act like a pack of hounds.

Leatherface is intimidated and does not look at the old man.. The hitchiker is more aggressive..

HITCHIKER

We's just having fun.

OLD MAN

You think this is a party?

Sally addresses herself to the old man.

SALLY

Please, help me. You can make them stop..

HITCHIKER

He can't..

Leatherface leans forward and pats Sally comfortingly on the hand.. Sally shrinks back.

OLD MAN

(To hitchiker) Shut your mouth. (To Sally) Can't be helped, young lady.

Cont..

92 Cont..

The hitchiker begins to giggle again.

OLD MAN

(To hitchiker) Shut up. (To Sally) Don't pay him no mind.

Leatherface breaks a tidbit froma slice of headcheese and inserts it into the oldman's mouth. The grandfather begins gumming the headcheese in childlike fashion but the headcheese works itself out ofhis toothless mouth and slides down his chin on a rope of syrupy saliva.

SALLY

Please,. you can't let them kill me..

The old man does not look at Sally.

OLD MAN

Can't be helped..

The hitchiker leans forward and wipes his hand across Sally's face. Sally shrieks and shrinks away from the hand. The hitchiker giggles..

HITCHIKER

(To Leatherface) You like that face?

Leatherface seems to see Sally's face for the first time. He studies it briefly and then nods happily..

LEATHERFACE

Un va uhm.

He strokes Sally's hair and pats her hand reassuringly..

SALLY

They're crazy,,,,, You have to help....

HITCHIKER

He can't do anything.. He's just a cook..

OLD MAN

Shut up,, you bitch hog.

Cont..

Cont..

92 The hitchiker wheezes and chortles..

HITCHIKER

Me and Leatherface do all the work. He don't like it. Isn't that right.. You ain't nothing but the cook.

OLD MAN

Shut your mouth..You don't understand nothing..

Leatherface is distressed by the developing hostility. He busies himself slicing additional meats and cheeses and feeding the grandfather..

HITCHIKER

I understand you're nothing. Me and him do all the work..

OLD MAN

I can't take no pleasure in killing!

The hitchiker snorts..

Leatherface stands, much distressed, and leaves the room; he can be seen in the background through an open door;;he is freshening his makeup before a large framed mirror. Hung on pegs set into the mirror frame are several dozen masks of the type he wears; there is also on the dresser before the mirror an extensive collection of cosmetics.

OLD MAN

(To Sally) There are just some things you have to do. Don't mean you have to like it..

SALLY

Oh, please..You can't....

The old man looks away from Sally's plea..

SALLY

(To hitchiker) Why do you want to kill me? I never hurt you..

Cont..

92 Cont.

The hitchiker giggles fiendishly..

SALLY

(To hitchiker) Please..... I'll do anything you want.

She begins to sob..Leatherface reenters the room;; he goes to Sally and pats her hand. The hitchiker mocks her sobs..The old man begins to titter then suddenly stands, throws his napkin down on the table and mutters angrily.

OLD MAN

No need to torture the poor girl.

HITCHIKER

You just the cook, remember. Me and him take care of this.

OLD MAN

You get on with it..I won't have this.

The hitchiker ignores him..He looks directly at Sally..

HITCHIKER

We in no hurry. You ain't going nowhere..

SALLY

No.... (She sobs)

The old man draws back his hand to cuff the hitchiker.

OLD MAN

You hear me!

The hitchiker raises his arms to protect himself from the blow but he is bold now.

HITCHIKER

I heard you but it don't mean much..

Cont..

92 Cont..

The old man drops his hand.

OLD MAN

No sense in waiting. I got to open up soon.

HITCHIKER

I'm thinking about letting old grandpa have some fun. You always told me he's the best.

Leatherface begins fussing and cooing over the grandfather. The grandfather is as usual lifeless.

OLD MAN

He's the best alright.

HITCHIKER

Let's let him have a whack.. Hey grandpa we going to let you have this one..(He yells into the grandfathers unresponsive ear)

OLD MAN

I don't think he's much up to it any more.

Leatherface looks at the old man and begins jabbering what seems to be a repramand;; he then speaks soothingly to the grandfather.

LEATHERFACE

(To the old man) Ewe neber da at idowanher, no! (To grandfather) u.do pay e bannam e ellweigh.

HITCHIKER

He don't think so. Let's give him a whack.

SALLY

No,, no, please. You can't do this..

She is struggling against her bonds;; she sobs uncontrolably but quietly. She labors furiously and desperately

Cont.

92 Cont.

but to no avail.

The hitchiker rushes out of the room apparently to bring the necessary equiptment..Leatherface still fusses and coos over the grandfather, stroking his hand and from time to time kissing him wetly on the cheek.

The old man turns to Sally.

OLD MAN

Now hush your crying. It won't hurt none..

SALLY

Oh,. please..Deon't do it, please.

OLD MAN.

(To himself as much as to Sally) Best damn Killer they ever was. They say he never took more than one lick. (He shakes his head in wonder)

The hitchiker returns dragging, with much clatter, a huge galvanized tin washtub. The tub is stained with dried blood..A small sledge hammer clangs about in the bottom of the tub as the hitchiker yanks it across the floor. The hitchiker drags the washtub over to grandpas chair.

OLD MAN

Did 60 in 5 minutes once.. They say he would have done more if the hook and pull gang could have got the beeves out of the way faster..

HITCHIKER

(To Leatherface) Help grandpa with the hammer.

The hitchiker goes to Sally and with a carving knife from the table cuts her bonds.. Sally tries to break away but the hitchiker grabs her hair in his fist close behind her head and yanks one arm behind her and close up under her shoulder blades.

Cont..

92 Cont..

SALLY

Ahhh!

OLD MAN

Now.. now.. You hush.. Old grandpa's the best.. You won't feel a thing.

Sally is unable to struggle. The hitchiker forces her to her knees before the tub and pushes her down over the rim.. He then releases her hair and puts his foot behind her head still forcing her arm high on her back..

HITCHIKER

Give him the hammer.. Let him haveit.

The old man has retreated to the doorway of the kitchen and watches timidly from there. He has become somewhat hysterical and occasionaly breaks into giggles though he quickly husheshimself..

OLD MAN

They still talk about grandpa down at the slaughterhouse. Nobody ever bested him..

Leatherface has pushed grandpa's chair into position beside Sally and is laboring to place the sledge hammer in grandpa's limp fingers.. Grandpa's eyes begin to flutter from time to time as if the excitement of the moment might have affected him. Leatherface wraps grandpa's fingers individually around the hammer handle and lifts grandpa's shriveled arm and lets it fall.. The hammer falls from his fingers and crashes to the floor missing Sally.

HITCHIKER

Help him.. Help him.

Leatherface chortles in excitement..

LEATHERFACE

Li o ba fu gapa gil

Cont..

92 Cont.

Sally is struggling mightily.. She screams though with her neck pinned against the rim of the washtub she only chokes. The hitchiker is tiring and becoming impatient.

In the background the old man is giggling and hopping nervously from foot to foot, occasionaly stopping to squeal and squeak and wring his hands and call encouragement to grandpa.

OLD MAN

Get her, get her.

Leatherface has again wrapped the grandfather's hands around the hammer and lifted his arm;; this time he does not release the arm but tries to give it direction as it falls..

OLD MAN

That a boy;; go to her..

Grandpa's eyes are open dimly now;; his eyes are weak and watery..It is doubtfull he sees clearly what is happening;; he is however visibly affected by the excitement and is slobbering and blubbering.

The blow falls missing Sally's head and striking her a painfull blow on the shoulder;; she squeals in pain and struggles all the more violently..

SALLY

Ahhheee! Ugh..

The hitchiker is having difficulty holding her.. Leatherface squeals and chortles in excitement

LEATHERFACE

Ob bo bo bo oe o daba daba..

HITCHIKER

Hit her..Hit the bitch. Help him.

Again Leatherface has the hammer in grandpa's hand and has lifted his arm high..This time he puts some of his

Cont..

92 Cont..

strength and direction into the blow and it strikes Sally a glancing blow to the head;: blood gushes from the wound.

HITCHIKER

Hit her. Hit her

SALLY

Ahhhhh!!!!!

LEATHERFACE

Aba do hil li ito giba giba

OLD MAN

He's the best. Look at that.

Sally squeals and her struggles become superhuman. The hitchiker can no longer hold her still and she is a difficult target for the grandfather. The grandfather is grinning broadly and toothlessly now evidently the motions have awakened some dim memory of times past. Leatherface has the hammer again in his hand and the grandfather now lends some of his feeble strength. Together they lift the hammer and together bring it down on Sally's head. The hitchikers inability to hold Sally still causes the blow to be off target nevertheless it is a viscious blow. Sally aqueals snd this time it is an inhuman sound and her struggles are all the more furious.

SALLY

Oooeaieeee!!!

The hitchiker is exhausted and infurtated.

HITCHIKER

Let me have it. Give it to me. Damn..

Leatherface struggles to recover the hammer amidst the confusion of the grandfather's childlike flailing arms and Sally's violent struggles. The hitchiker suddenly releases Sally and makes a grab for the hammer..

Cont.

Cont.
EXT. HOUSE DAWN

93 In that instant Sally is up and running, squealing in pain, blinded by the flow of blood and in a state of shock. She trips in the washtub but such is her frenzy that she is not slowed and hurtles across the room crashing through the windows in a shower of glass. She does not fall beyond the windows and is in motion the moment she touches the ground.

The hitchiker squeals in rage and surprise and is instantly in persuit; hardly hesitating before leaping through the shattered window.

Leatherface panics and begins to squeal and whinny and rushes for a moment helplessly about the room before rushing into the kitchen. The old man stands beside the doorway in distress; he moans and wrings his hands. From the kitchen somes the gutteral cough and then the savage revving of the chain saw then Leatherface rushes out the the window on the trail of Sally and the hitchiker.

EXTERIOR HOUSE DAWN

Sally is only 30 yards ahead of the hitchiker; she is running blindly and with animal strength and instinct.

The hitchiker charges down on her squealing and screaming madly. The chain saw roars in the background and then Leatherface emerges from the house squealing shrilly.

94 EXTERIOR FORREST DAWN

Sally is across the clearing and into the forrest. It is dawining; the sun isnot yet up but the sky has a purple grey predawn cast with a tinge of red at the horizon. The dense undergrowth of the forrest makes progress difficult, clutching and snaring at Sally as she runs. She pays no heed to the clawing growth, crashing through the green jungle unheeding. Suddenly she is in a net of ropy vines and clutching brambles; she claws and flails to free herself but only seems to become futther entangled. The hitchiker is all but upon her; Leatherface has closed the distance and the roar of the chain saw hammers at her ears. She scratches, claws, scrambles and writhes in the prison of grasping foliage and suddenly she is free even as the hands of the hitchiker are upon her.

95 EXTERIOR HIGHWAY DAWN

She breaks out of the forrest and upon the highway, leaps the bar ditch and sprints up the embankment to the hardtop as the hitchiker breaks out of the forrest.

Cont.

95 Cont.

Leatherface is close behind hacking his way out of the jungle. The sky now has a tinge of morning red. Sally runs out onto the roadway..

96 NEW ANGLE

The distant headlights, wan in the morning light, of a car approach.. Sally runs away from the hitchiker and toward the approaching car; she waves her arms wildly and pleads for the car to stop..

SALLY

Help! Help! Please stop.

97 NEW ANGLE

The driver of the car sees the wild and bloody figure of Sally rushing toward him the hitchiker in persuit and then Leatherface breaks from the forrest squealing and slashing the air wildly with his chain saw and he accelerates swerving to miss Sally and roars down the highway. Aloaded cattle truck is close behind the car. The hitchiker is close upon Sally,. less than a dozen yards behind. Sally darts into the path of the oncoming truck begging the driver to stop..

SALLY

Please.. Oh, please,. please help me!

98 NEW ANGLE

The huge cattle truck swings awkwardly to avoid Sally and the driver finds himself upon the hitchiker and unable to react before the huge bulk of the truck rushes over the screaming hitchiker. The driver yanks on his air brakes bringing the truck to a lurching,. skidding, careening halt in the roadway.. The cattle panic and begin to bellow and mill about wildly. The driver throws open his door to see Sally racing for the truck with leather face squealing and snorting his chain saw flailing the air bearing down on her. The driver jumps aside and throws Sally into the cab and leaps in after her and tries to turn the engine but Leatherface is hacking at the glass and steel of the cab with the savage chain saw. The window glass shatters with a savage thrust of the saw and the thin steel door is shredded.. The driver opens the far door and shoves Sally out and she rushes up the road; the driver then grabs a big wrench from the floorboard, leaps from the cab and follows Sally. He sprints a half dozen yards then suddenly halts,. plants his feet and hurls the wrench..

99 NEW ANGLE

The wrench catches Leatherface full in the face and he is sent sprawling. As he falls his grip on the saw

Cont.

99 Cont..

is broken and it jumps free biting deep into his thigh and skitters crazily about the blacktop..Leatherface squeals and shrills in pain and hysteria.. Fury,. pain and bewilderment drive him beserk and he scrambles after the chain saw.

100 NEW ANGLE
The driver leaves the road and runs into a field bordering the highway.

101 NEW ANGLE
Leatherface recovers the saw,. sees Sally and the driver running in nearly opposite directions and squeals in terror,. rage and pain,. and flailing the saw wildly in the air and now hobbling and bleeding profusely,. he charges after Sally.

102 NEW ANGLE
A battered,. old pickup approaches beyond Sally.

103 NEW ANGLE
Sally waves her arms wildly and pleads for the driver to stop and again the horror of the scene terrifies the driver and he seeks to avoid the approaching figures..

Sally is now far beyond the limits of human endurance. Her cries are no longer human sounds. She knows she can go no further and in desperation plants herself squarely in the path of the oncoming pickup.

104 NEW ANGLE
The driver swerves and jams on his brakes..The tires squeal,. the truck whips,. then spins,. hurtling toward Sally..

Sally does not move.. She sees the truck floating toward her in slow motion, spinning gracefully in her cloudy vision; the tires squeal in an extended moan. The tail of the truck swings slowly around and whirls softly closer. She begins a slow dive for the truckbed.

105 NEW ANGLE
The tail of the truck catches Sally as she dives and tosses her into the air as the truck comes to a screeching,. spinning halt. She is thrown into the truckbed.

106 NEW ANGLE
The pickup slides to a final jolting halt beyond Leatherface and facing the direction opposite the one in which it was headed.

Leatherface charges the truck clawing the air with the chain saw.

107 NEW ANGLE
The driver pops the clutch and the truck spurts then dies.

108 NEW ANGLE
Sally crawls to the rear window of the truck,. pounds weakly on the glass and begs the driver to go.

SALLY
Go,. go go!!!

109 NEW ANGLE
The driver cranks the engine..

109 Cont.

Leatherface is upon the truck. The chain saw rakes the fender. He squeals madly and rushes for Sally.

110 NEW ANGLE
The driver pops the clutch and the pickup lurches away.

111 NEW ANGLE
Leatherface has mounted the truck and is sent sprawling but this time clings tenaciously to the saw and rolls agily to his feet.

112 NEW ANGLE
The pickup moves rapidly away. Sally sees Leatherface dwindly in the distance and sinks to the bed of the truck and huddles there sobbing quietly. The driver of the cattle truck is a 1000 yards away across the field.

113 NEW ANGLE
Leatherface stands in the center of the highway squealing in maniac rage and whielding the chain saw with savage, idiot fury.

114 NEW ANGLE
The open staring eye of the dead hitchiker, his lower jaw nearly ripped from his head by the collision is in the foreground. Beyond the hitchiker, Leatherface squeals and slashes the morning sky with the chain saw. The pickup with Sally in the bed is a distant mark against the horizon. The full red morning sun rests just above the rim of the earth. From the cattle truck comes the bellowing of frightened cattle.

THE END